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HARE HUNTING

American Primitive—Artist Unknown



Courtesy Harry Stone Gallery.

Details Page 7.



AMERICA'S HUNTS AUTHORITY

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The Chronicle

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WHOSE AFTER WHO

In a release from the United Press in London, it appears that the National Society for Abolition of Cruel Sports has appealed to farmers to kill foxes outright instead of allowing them to be hunted for fun. The friendly and gentle hearted members of the society with nothing but love for the animal kingdom in their hearts urge that animals be trapped, shot, poisoned or gassed with cyanide, but not chased by red-coated riders and hounds.

The group that includes among its vice-presidents such well known English writers as Aldous Huxley, A. A. Milne, J. B. Priestley, Bertrand Russell, Harold Laski and David Low said, "It was determined to stop the sordid and ugly pastime of hunting foxes to death for fun."

The thinking of the society which objects to giving the fox an even break to match his own sharp wits in his own countryside against those of his pursuers and prefers instead the agonizing pains of a trap or poison is somewhat complex. It is splendid to have the ability to write intelligent books, but when a group such as the above is willing to endorse the thinking which seeks to destroy the sporting life of England, one begins to wonder if they are not rather too obviously using the poor fox for ends that do not enhance their reputations for intelligence or increase one's opinion of their integrity.

The National Society for Abolition of Cruel Sports does not seem to mind who it takes in as bed fellows or for what purposes its cause is ballyhooed. Perhaps if some members discarded their poison for hounds and aired their lungs and their limbs across some of England's good countryside, they would have a healthier and happier outlook upon life in general and foxhunting in particular.

Wildlife should be one of every nation's most cherished possessions. It should be preserved and protected as a natural heritage that adds a great living testimonial to good government. It is only by the care and preservation of such natural possessions that civilization as a whole has a chance for survival. In spite of all of the wonders of a modern age, nothing has ever been invented or ever will be invented by mankind that can equal the wonder or the benefits of nature itself. The fox is part of this natural heritage and is as much a part of it as a hound's ability to hunt him by scent.

When a group seeks to destroy by unnatural methods part of nature's scheme of things and urges wholesale slaughter rather than the natural sport of a thousand years to control a species, there is some unnatural thinking behind the idea which needs airing. If the Society for the Abolition of Cruel Sports has the slightest desire to protect the things of nature as God intended them to be preserved in a natural and even balance, can they in all honesty urge that one species be wiped out by traps, guns, and poison gas?

If on the other hand, this group would sacrifice an entire species in order to gain their own political ends, their appeal would seem to have something of the sharpness they attribute to the smart little animal they are perfectly willing to destroy. If there was ever a case of wolf in sheep's clothing, this seems to be it. Red coats and red thinking are two colors that clash and it behooves all of those who want a nation's natural heritage preserved to recognize the harm in such obvious appeals. Farmers are not the kind who get up on soap boxes in London's Parks and shout down with the Reds but when such thinking in the guise of kindness and generosity to wildlife makes such a gesture, it is time the instigators were brought to their senses by some honest words on behalf of the fox by those who really want to protect him.

It has been proven repeatedly that foxes do very little damage and are one of the creatures that play a decided part in maintaining a balance in nature. They save every farmer many times more in grain by the mice they destroy than the hens they manage to steal

for their pains. They provide sport for thousands and employment for thousands. In spite of his sharp wits, a fox is an honest character who need not be sacrificed on any altar of political thinking that seems to have more guile than honesty in its methods. Such socialist schemes make one feel there are more 2 legged foxes than 4 legged ones that need exterminating in England.

Letters To The Editor

High Schooling the Jumper

Dear Editor:

I like horses; I like dressage and jumping, but if I were a young horseman aspiring to train horses for jumping in competition, I would be a bit confused after reading the "surprise and consternation" letter published in your issue of November 11. The question at stake seems to be: Is Advanced Dressage (sometimes called High School or Superior Dressage) helpful or harmful to a jumper? There are some pertinent facts that have been overlooked.

Anyone who has had any experience with horses will find pleasure only in riding one that is well schooled, i. e. agreeable and obedient to the wish of the rider no matter what the job at hand, therefore any and every riding horse has some degree of training or dressage. The only horses completely devoid of any dressage are the rodeo broncs. Thus we come to the very obvious fact that some horses are better trained than others, i. e. some have more dressage than others. Consequently there are several degrees of dressage which become higher or more advanced as the ramener or collection of the horse becomes more extreme. The acme of dressage is the haute école. The horse becomes delicately balanced "to the front, to the sides, or to the rear" always ready to flex at the slightest tremor of the rider's little finger or move forward on the "breeze" of the boot.

Turning to the jumping aspect, a top-flight jumper must have innate jumping ability to compete successfully. Haute école, so far, has never improved the innate ability of a natural jumper nor has it been able to substitute for the lack of that ability in the horse deprived of it at birth. The obvious evidence of this comes quickly to mind when one takes the trouble to investigate the results of the Olympic Games in the past years. One can never find the great names of Taine, Olympic, Kronos, Favorite, Hummer (1948 winner), Klingsor, Overdo, etc. winning or even competing in any of the jumping events, cross-country or stadium. It would be very disappointing if the answer is, as one expert once stated, that these super-balanced horses are too valuable to risk over fences. Shouldn't a horse with such delicate balance "to the front, to the sides, or to the rear" simply glide over everything in his path with the greatest of ease?

The most adequate answer came from that wise and very practical horseman, the late Gen. Chamberlin. In his book *Training Hunters Jumpers and Hacks*, pp. 282-3 he wrote:

"This art (high-schooling) is of very great benefit to a horseman inasmuch as he learns to diagnose and destroy quickly all resistances presented by horses. However, since high-schooling calls for high knee and hock action, and a rearward balance developed by an extreme ramener and great collection, it is not essential to the training of a hunter, jumper or hack.

"Collection is taught by ever more closely associated effects of the hands and legs. The latter inspire impulsion which the hands check and regulate so as to transform what naturally would be long, low steps into high action and slow gaits. These are inefficient in outdoor work and a horse so trained does not have his center of gravity sufficiently far forward for fast galloping and jumping. When continuously held to collected schooling, a horse soon lacks balance, agility and calmness when extended at speed across country. When the rider attempts to give him the support required by fast galloping, the horse over-flexes his neck, is unable to stride long,

and becomes frantic if naturally keen and in company of other horses.

"Only a horse with a hereditarily calm disposition, and so expertly trained that his instinct to extend the head and neck and go calmly on the hand at fast gaits is never destroyed, can become both a finished high-school horse and a hunter."

The same pertinent facts are borne out by observing horses over fences that have been pointed for advanced dressage by some of the experts mentioned in Col. Kitts' letter. These horses' jumping parabola lacks scope though seen only over 3'-6" fences in small contests. As to the ones graduated to the passage and piaffer, they have never been seen over fences in competition or otherwise.

There is quite a movement here in California toward better horsemanship and better training through the medium of a number of small shows featuring F. E. I. jumping, Caprilli Tests and Individual Dressage (of a secondary degree). Nobody in his right mind can deny the tremendous benefits of a certain amount of dressage to any horse—pleasure, polo or jumper—but a horse well trained in high-school is only fitted for more high-school. The record so far completely divorces the advanced dressage horse from successful competitive jumping.

Very sincerely yours,

Michel Manesco

Pasadena, Calif.

Ponies Too Versatile?

Dear Editor:

One of the most common causes of discontent and acrimonious debate at horse shows is the situation arising when small ponies are permitted to be shown in pony classes, junior classes and senior classes.

The writer has frequently seen a pony win a pony championship and then win a junior championship and follow that by winning ribbons in classes with senior riders, all in the same show on the same day.

Naturally the parents of children riding in junior classes and barred from the pony classes due to the size of their mounts take a dim view of the situation. Where show rules do not bar ponies from competing against larger animals judges have no other alternative than to pin the best mounts. And then face the wrath of parents whose children only ride in the junior classes. As is generally known many of the top small ponies perform better than most horses.

At a recent show where the writer was judging such a situation arose. A really outstanding pony won the pony hunter championship and tied for junior hunter championship which was decided by conformation, the nod going to the pony. The mother of the child on the reserve champion, a horse, was much upset and protested the pony's presence in classes with horses. The writer agreed with her point of view, but pointed out that the pony was perfectly eligible and had won purely on his merits, so the judges had no other choice in the matter than to pin him with the ribbons he won.

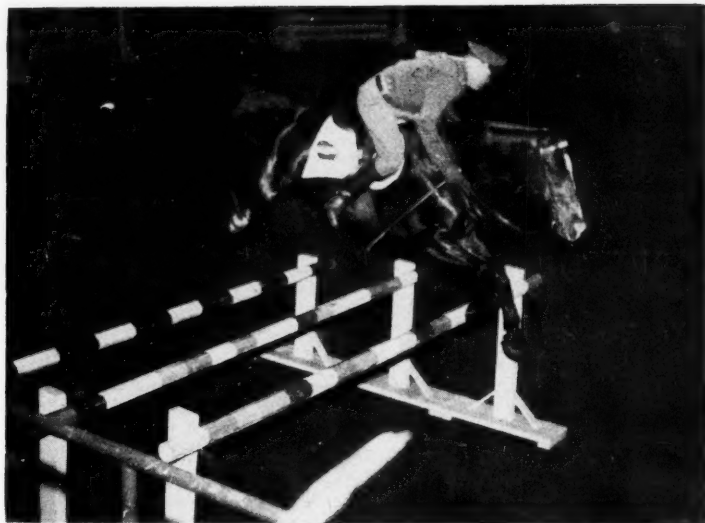
The writer feels, and has talked with many riders and exhibitors who agree with him, that ponies should be restricted to pony classes, or junior classes and not be allowed to be shown in more than one division in any show. Many people also feel that horses should be restricted to either junior or senior classes throughout a show.

Very truly

Alden McKim Crane

Chevy Chase, Md.

Continued on Page 5



COL. HUMBERTO MARILES, the captain of the Mexican Army Team, on Arete in an international military jumping class shows the form which has brought many honors to the Mexican Team. (Carl Klein Photo)



CAPT. MICHAEL TUBRIDY of the Irish Army Team on Bruree, winner of the \$1,000 international military stake at the Garden. (Carl Klein Photo)

The Military Teams At The Garden

Analysis of Riding Styles and Theories Indicates That Methods Used Are Possibly Determined By Rules Governing Competition

Col. John T. Cole

(Editor's Note: We are greatly in the debt of that fine American Army Horseman, Colonel John T. Cole, for his excellent analysis of the recent army jumping teams at the Garden. Colonel Cole knows whereof he speaks. His conclusions should point the way to a more careful consideration by all American Horse Shows of what Europeans are doing today in the field of horsemanship and jumping.)

It is ever true that a winner creates a following. Often some individual comes along with a great horse, and in spite of distortions, contortions, and studied disregard of all common sense principles, wins. Soon we have a crop of riders upsetting their horse's balance, jerking mouths, and creating havoc generally by imitating what they see, or think they see, in the winner's style. How many lovely horses are ruined seems to be of no particular concern as most of us would rather imitate than think a little.

When a group or a military team comes long and whips everything in sight, the temptation to jump to conclusions is overpowering. The compliment of imitation is freely offered, and disaster is invited unless we analyze that which we strive to emulate.

In recent years the team from Mexico has swept all aside in the

international competition in the indoor shows in this country and Canada. They also won the Individual and Team Gold Medals of the Prix des Nations in the '48 Olympic Games. I am free to say that I consider this Mexican Team the greatest collection of skilled riders and beautifully trained horses I have ever seen in indoor competition. I say this with a still vivid recollection of the halcyon days before the war when the continental teams and our own were at their respective peaks. Had the present day Mexican Army Team competed with us in those days, Mexico would have certainly gathered in her share of victories and probably a bit more.

Remember, I am talking about indoor shows where, due to the smallness of the arena, courses are short and time limits are generous. Out of doors in international shows the situation is different. Arenas are big. Courses are long. They are carefully measured to insure galloping at the prescribed rate of 400 meters per minute. Consequently my guess is that "in the good old days" Mexico would have been at distinct disadvantage. Their style and training is geared to jumping from a slower gait and they suffer when they step it up.

True, Mexico won under exact conditions in the Olympic Games. The Gold Medal horse had a jump-

ing fault and 2 1-2 time faults. He caught a bad lot on a bad day. Of course, it is perfectly possible that Colonel Mariles might have pushed on and avoided his time penalty. He was in the driver's seat as last horse to jump and knew he could risk overtime. I can imagine no more beautiful situation than that of having a great horse under you and being able to say, "All right, my friend, here's not too difficult a course and all we need to be Olympic champion is something less than 8 faults." It doesn't happen often! Anyway, I shall still risk my bet on the horse that is sure fire without time penalty.

Enough of beating about the bush. Let us get on with trying to see what makes this Mexican Team so good and wherein some of the other teams seem to fail in our indoor international shows.

First of all, Mexico is fortunate in having a great horseman, Colonel Mariles running the team. He is not only a fine performer, he is certainly a great teacher. He knows what he wants and he knows how to get it. His riders and his horses earn their keep.

They jump their horses at a slow rate of speed. When a time limit allows this, it becomes logical. One does not need to be an Einstein to realize that a touch at 12 miles per hour will not dislodge a fence where the same impact at 15 miles per hour will.

Their horses are thoroughly disciplined. This means trained. They know and obey the leg. They obey the hand. Consequently they are constantly between the hands and legs of the rider, and generally are softly obedient. This is the result of dressage, training, schooling whatever you want to call it. Its success depends upon the rider's knowing how to teach a horse, what end he

is working for, and what the pitfalls are which are the inevitable results of poorly or overdone training exercises.

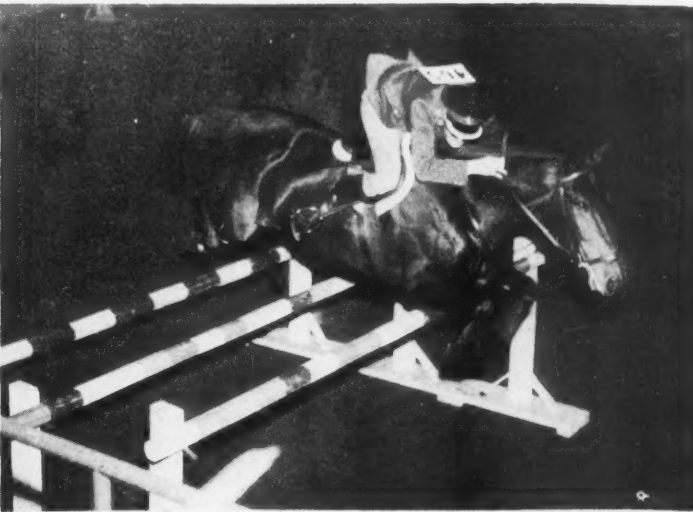
It is impossible to dwell upon the training, or series of gymnastic exercises which constitute the basis for obedience in the horse. Suffice it to say it is a lifetime study and then one is apt to read the wrong book. The results are evident in the Mexican horses and I can assure you they were not attained overnight. Also, it is a never ended process. Also, you can ruin your horse in a hurry if you do not know what you are after and when you have it. Letting the horse off at the right moment is the most delicate bit of judgement and it spells the difference between success or failure—between obedience and resistance.

Now one comes to the fundamental difference in two schools of thought in riding jumps. One group says that a well-trained horse properly committed to a jump and then not interfered with, but ridden in balance with a light following hand and firm encouraging leg, will jump without mistake. The other school takes complete control and by shortening or lengthening the horse's stride, chooses the place from which the horse jumps. Each school has its merit. Very often the horse's judgment and the rider's coincide. Unless done with consummate skill, the complete imposition of the rider's will can be, and often is, most disastrous. Fresh riders and horses with unfrayed nerves are more apt to succeed in this difficult coordination, than lads made sluggish by late hours and unlimited hospitality, riding horses that have become irritable by too much excitement. Anyway, the members of the Mexican Team adhere to the latter school and have phenomenal skill in main-

Continued on Page 21



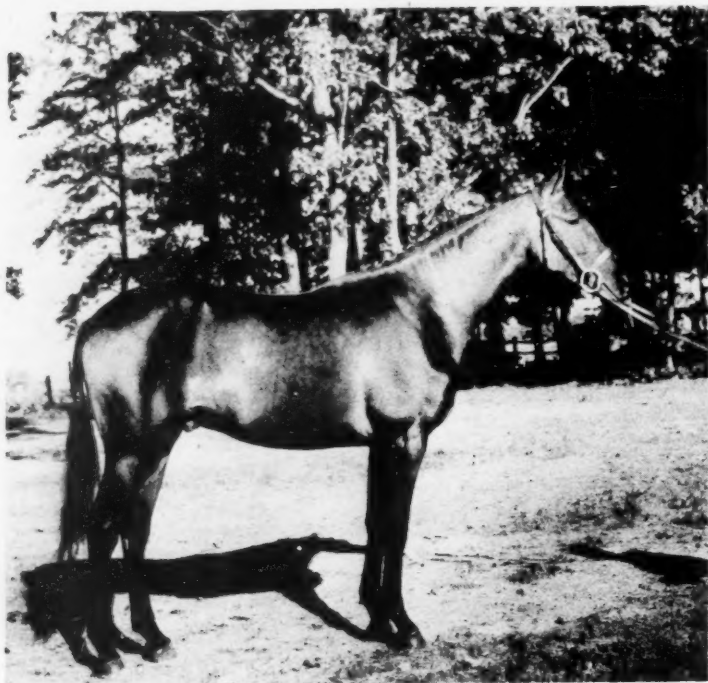
LT. LUIS REQUELME of the Chilean Army Team on Chilena II, this combination took 2nd in the International Individual Military Championship Challenge Trophy class at the Garden (Carl Klein Photo)



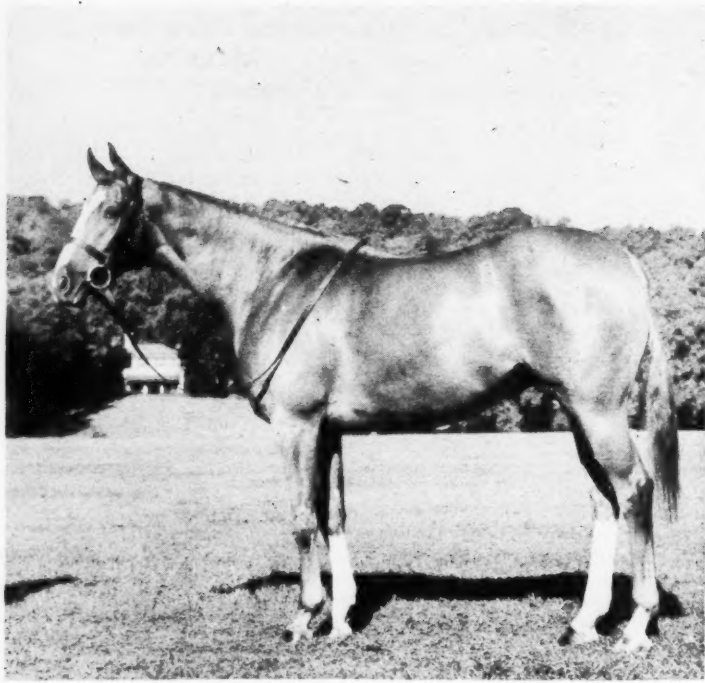
MAJ. CHARLES BAKER, JR. of the Canadian Army Horse Show Team on Dragon took 3rd in the \$1,000 international military stake at the Garden. (Carl Klein Photo)

1949 Virginia Horse Shows Assn. Champions

(Photos by Marshall Hawkins)



BARTIGON, owned by Martin Vogel, Warrenton, Va., winner of the Virginia Horsemen's Association high score award for 2-year-olds.



REALLY RUGGED, owned by Waverly Farms, Warrenton, Va., copped the high score award for green hunters.



WATCH ME, Anne Everett Yoe up, owned by Mr. and Mrs. W. Haggin Perry, Cobham, Va., had the best record in the pony division.



JIMMY HATCHER of Richmond, Va., on one of the many mounts which he rode to capture the equitation trophy.



MOUNTAIN BRIAR, Pickens Hamilton up, owned by Courtney Burton, Gates Mills, Ohio, was winner of the working hunter division.



PORTMAKER, Mrs. Alex Calvert up, owned by Dr. and Mrs. Alvin I. Kay, of Washington, D. C., winner of the conformation hunter division.



GOLDEN CHANCE, which took the jumper honors under the tutelage of Paul Fout and was sold by him to Bert Feirstein.

Rules For Judging Hunters

Suggestions For Overcoming Differences And Inconsistencies Which Make the Showing of Hunters A Problem

Julia Martin

The judging of hunters has been of great concern for a long time. The lack of set rules for the judging of hunters causes much uncertainty and ill feeling between the judges and exhibitors. Unless you have shown under a particular judge several times, you have no idea how your horse will be judged, or on what basis he will be judged. As it is the policy of most shows not to have the same judge two years in succession, the exhibitor always has a doubt as to whether or not it will be worth while to ship his horse a great distance to perform in a show where he does not know the judge. (In Texas we often ship from two to four hundred miles to attend a one day show. This is a great expense, especially since the classes usually offer only trophies and ribbons.) If, however, there were some set standard by which hunters were judged there would never be any doubt as to whether or not to send your horse to a show or as to what chance he would have of placing.

The lack of set rules and the great differences and inconsistencies of judges is an impediment to the progress of hunting as a sport. Many people concentrate on showing only jumpers because they are never sure how their horse will be judged as a hunter.

For all practical purposes, the best hunter is the horse that gives the most enjoyable ride and the safest performance in the hunting field. Why not, therefore, judge hunters in a horse show according to their usefulness in the field? If this standard is followed, a set of rules for the judging of hunters can easily be drawn up and abided by without any hard feeling or questioning as to whether or not a horse is a hunter.

For example, I am listing below just such a set of rules. They appear in the order of their importance:

- (1). In order to insure safety to the riders, horses, and hounds, a hunter should be a horse that is physically sound in every respect.
- (2). A hunter must be a horse that has perfect manners. In the open field, it is sad to say, many accidents are caused when a horse kicks another horse or a hound, or stops to nip his neighbor.
- (3). A refusal on the hunt course is a cardinal crime and must be heavily penalized. (A refusal on a real hunt can, and sometimes does, cause very serious accidents.)
- (4). A hunter must be a bold jumper. He should jump any obstacle up to four feet without hesitation.
- (5). A hunter must jump in stride. If he is constantly slowing down, rushing, or weaving, he interferes with the other horses and riders.
- (6). He should be able to maintain a steady hunting pace of between 18 and 24 miles an hour (on an open course.)
- (7). A hunter may touch jumps lightly without penalty unless the touch is a result of poor jumping.
- (8). Overjumping or jumping too high should not be counted against a hunter unless he jumps too high as the result of poor timing or poor riding. Some horses love to jump and can manipulate much higher jumps than those found on the ordinary hunt course; hence, they consistently jump higher than necessary. If it does not tire the horse, overjumping is not a fault but it is an asset to safety.
- (9). A hunter must be mentally sound; that is manageable, calm, and intelligent.
- (10). If a horse meets these requirements his conformation will be suitable for the necessities of a hunter. If, however, conformation other than that which has been shown is required, a class for "model" or "conformation" hunters should be required for all. (This will eliminate the monotonous judging of conformation with each class. This drawn-out judging of conformation tires the riders

and bores the great majority of the spectators.)

(11). A form sheet (such as the one found in Horsemanship and Horsemastership, the cavalry manual) should be adapted for the judging of conformation.

(12). Since the horse's color has no effect on the way he hunts, color should only be counted in pair and team classes, and in case of a tie.

I have found several judges here in Texas who seem to follow rules somewhat like these. It is unnecessary to say (I hope) that no set of rules however good, are perfect in themselves or can, under strict observation, constitute or qualify a hunting judge. To judge hunters, one must have many years of experience with hunters, be capable of rating the best of hunters and jumpers, and have a trained and gifted eye for horses. I submit this theme to the public with much hesitation and shyness. I do feel, however, that some rules should be drawn up for judging hunters and I should like the opinion of everyone who, like myself, enjoys nothing more than a good hunt and always tries to uphold old traditions as well as introduce new ones for the love and the safety of the sport.

Letters To The Editor Continued from page 2

Proper Dressage

Dear Editor:

Your editorial on "Highlight at Devon" reveals the entire difficulty of our competing in international dressage and mixed events under the rules of the Federation Equestre Internationale. Even your able editorialist seems to mix up the training of a circus horse with the work and required collection of a thoroughly trained dressage horse.

Dressage, when done properly, is only the finest degree of advanced horsemanship carried out on a horse that has learned the smoothest degree of gymnastics and developed his body accordingly. Whoever has had the good fortune to ride horses thus trained, will note that they are never overcollected, that their center of gravity is never artificially displaced to the rear and that they are able to go in a hunt just as well or, most of the time, better than the so called hunter, and that they negotiate jumps in a business like fashion with perfect balance and without excitement. This is an essential part of their training and the time when the dressage horse worked almost exclusively in an indoor ring is long past. The dressage horse which is always "at the aids" will put its center of gravity where the task requires it and will not be "contracted".

I do not know who trained the Flying Dutchman (formerly Calvalcade), but as far as I know, none of the real masters of dressage have worked this horse. The essential point, however, is that there are too few people in this country who can judge dressage and still less who can teach it. Only a steady unbroken line of good dressage—not trick riding—exhibitions and the constant introduction of events under the rules of the F. E. I. in all major shows will create the necessary interest in really advanced horsemanship especially among the younger riders.

Dr. Kurt Lange

To Protect the Sport

Dear Editor:

I read with interest a letter to the editor in a recent issue from Evelyn Thompson, secretary of the Penna. State Fox Hunters Ass.

Being in complete agreement with the purposes of this association, I would like to become a mem-

ber. However, I do not have the address of the association's secretary. Can you help me in this matter.

(Editor Note: Miss Thompson's Address is New Geneva, Pa.)

I believe there are many others who would join the Fox Hunters Assn. if they knew more about it. There are in Chester County, Pa., innumerable small fox hunting clubs ranging from the wealthy recognized clubs to the one man-two hound packs. The one thing they all have in common is a love of the fox hunt and this one thing is being threatened by a lack of foxes. In fact there are probably more fox hunters than foxes in this area. After bearing his part of the expense of hounds and maintaining a horse it is disgusting to hunt day after day with never a smell of a fox.

For several years foxes have been protected from gunners in Chester County, yet year after year foxes are shot in gunning season and the game wardens do nothing. In fact most fox hunters are afraid to hunt in gunning season. If they run a fox it will be shot; hounds are shot at, and it is not safe even for a horseman to be abroad during this "sporting" season.

I believe in respecting another man's sport. I know all true fox hunters do all they can to conserve all game. But it seems it is up to the fox hunters to educate other sportsmen to respect our sport.

Perhaps if the average man did not see fox hunting as a slightly humorous pastime of the idle rich

only, if he knew that there are many working men and farmer fox hunters, if he knew the thrill of following a pack in full cry, and if he knew that he also could be a fox hunter, he would respect the sport more.

Sincerely

Kenneth Graham, Jr.

Credit Due

Dear Editor:

Ever since I read the account of the Longmeadow Hunter trials in your paper I have intended to write to you in order to add a few important facts, and to ask you to give due recognition to them in some form or other.

There is a man living in the middle west, whose merit is so obvious

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A Day With The Limerick



Some People Find 4-Leaf Clovers, Others Inherit Millions of Dollars, But the Really Lucky Ones Hunt In Ireland

Jean Slaughter

Some people find four-leaf clovers wherever they go, and some inherit millions of dollars at regular intervals; but I was really lucky. I was invited to hunt in Ireland.

After a wild day at the races near Dublin where I won the mad sum of 2 shillings, I was spirited to Limerick where my initiation into Irish sport was to take place. My host decided, the day before the hunt, that I should "have a go" at a bank or two so I would know how to handle them during the hunt. It was pouring rain, which everyone ignored, while I was schooled in the peculiarities of Irish hunting country.

After a great deal of murmuring between my host and Paddy Punch, who was to mount me for the hunt, I was thrown up on a lovely bay mare. We sloshed about in the mud and jumped several ragged stone walls, and then I was introduced to my first ditch. Ditches are, with good reason, called "trenches" over there. "Sit back on her, Miss," I was told firmly. "Take a good hold of her. You can't ride forward over this country." The mare crept up to the edge of the trench and stood while we both gazed at the water rushing beneath us. Just as I was thinking with great relief that the mare had a great deal of sense and therefore had no intention of trying to jump, she gave the most terrific thrust with her quarters which very nearly lost me over backwards, and then landed on all four legs on the far side, which arranged me neatly between her ears.

After the fifth try, no more successful than the first, I was thrown up on five other horses in succession, which I took over tremendous stone walls, where I could ride forward all I liked. But no more ditches, and I still had not been over a bank.

It was finally decided that I was a "ghreat one over the walls, but not much uste to the ditches." So with these cheery words I was abandoned to a sleepless night and my fate the next day.

The meet of the Limerick Hunt must have been lovely. I don't know. I had a blurred impression of massive, regal hounds, a great many efficient-looking riders on equally efficient-looking horses, and a small bay gelding which I saw only for a second before I was thrown upon his back and told to get along, as the hunt was moving off.

Little Horse was in a snaffle, as most of the other horses were. He jogged along amiably while I stared at the banks on either side of the lane and wondered how any horse could possibly negotiate such a thing.

We splashed through a field and I managed to pull my wandering wits together enough to wonder how hounds could possibly find a scent in the sheets of water that covered every inch. However, in less than a moment they had found and we were off; I somewhat dubiously up front due to hounds passing close by.

The first bank approached with ghastly rapidity. I hastily reviewed my instructions; sit back, take a hold of your horse, sit back! The bank was no more than a hump in the ground with a narrow ditch on the far side; Little Horse popped

over it as neat as a pin, with me all over his neck.

All my life I had wanted to hunt in Ireland. It was obvious that I would last all of five minutes of this precious hunt if I followed instructions and did sit back. I would go off no sooner if I tried to ride forward and failed. Thus resolved, I felt quite cheerful as we rolled along the next field in a businesslike way.

We came to the second bank, a double. Picture if you can a gigantic wall of earth, far higher than your horse's head, covered with heavy brush and trees and with a woody, brushy, water-filled ditch on the near side, and only heaven-knew-what on the far side. I sat on Little Horse absolutely aghast, while the huntsman put his big chestnut at the only jumpable place.

The take-off and the side of the bank were as slippery as grease. The huntsman's horse landed on the bank, slipped, made a desperate effort, and crashed over on top of his rider.

Through a dim grey haze I saw the huntsman scramble to his feet, jump on his muddy horse and go at the bank again; this time, successfully. Someone shouted, "Go on wi' ye, Miss!" and I realized with absolute horror that he was addressing ME. I gave Little Horse his head, grabbed his mane, and we went at it.

He sprang over the first ditch onto the bank and was at the top in another quick stride. He paused, and I made a mistake. I looked down. And down, and down. There, far below, was a huge, gaping ditch, and away beyond it was the inviting mud of the next field. I thought to myself, "He can't do it!" and the next thing I knew there was an effortless moment of flying, we were rolling across the field at a spanking gallop, the ghastly thing was well behind, and life was wonderful.

Bank after bank was approached, topped, and left behind. Horses fell all around us. Riders emerged from ditches, streaming mud, caught their horses and went on—if they could. But Little Horse never fell. With his small ears pricked, he jumped each bank with the sureness of a cat. Once on the top he would pause, quickly but deliberately placing each hoof on a firm place in the mud, then fling himself out over the wide ditch to land going away.

I rode forward, and never for a moment felt any less secure than if I had been hunting in New England. The one mishap we had was a misjudgement of pace; I did not let my horse go fast enough at a big double with an especially wide ditch on the near side. He tried with everything he had, but very appologetically slipped back into the ditch where he stood quite still. The water was running well up to my knees, but I was still in the saddle. Just then a horse fell practically on top of us. The rider rolled away, unhurt, gave me a hand and in a moment we were on our way again.

Several of us somehow found ourselves in a farmyard, completely surrounded by barbed wire. Someone rode forward with his wire cutters, but was stopped by a loud shout. We were desperate. Hounds were running, and running fast, and there was no time to lose by going back. We turned to argue with the farm-

er, who came running up. Before we could saw a word he slashed the wire, pulled it out of the way, and was cheerfully waving his wire-cutters at us as we tossed him a grateful half-crown and put our horses at the nasty single bank the wire had covered.

How we got across that treacherous bank I shall never know, but there was no knowing throughout the day. There were no questions asked of riders or horses. Either you could, or you fell trying.

There was one wall, I remember; so high that Little Horse could not see over it. It had no snug panel to cover it; nothing but the raw and jagged grey stones. When Little Horse went at it, I really believed it would stop him. I let him canter at it and got forward, willing to give him every chance. I should never have doubted. The Master's grey horse had gone just before. We followed. It was as simple as that.

Three hours had passed, with no more than a five-minute check near the very beginning. Every inch of the way was fetlock deep in mud, or deeper. There had been bank after bank, ditch after ditch, with every now and then a single bank or wall. Never a moment without something before us, like the double drainage ditch where a horse jumped a 6'-0" ditch onto a narrow line of grass and over again across another ditch, like an in-and-out of the dampest sort.

Little Horse was very tired. Hounds were crying to the entire county that their fox was tiring and they were almost on him. I have never heard such a thrilling sound. Little Horse pricked his ears and galloped on. . . .

We were right up. We landed over a bank into a field that was oddly wide. I had learned forcefully to watch out for trouble when the banks were not close together, but I was not prepared for what I found. The Master's grey, some ten lengths ahead, suddenly rose into the air in a tremendous flying leap for no apparent reason. Little Horse lengthened his stride. I caught a sudden glimpse of a breathlessly wide expanse of water and was sickeningly sure that we had met the impossible.

I'm afraid I gasped as we were in mid-air. The gleam of the water under us seemed never to stop. Every ounce of heart and courage in Little Horse went into that jump; not one hoof dropped into the water. We landed with feet to spare.

The river made the company select. Only five out of the field were left, not counting those who had fallen in and swum across; the Master, two whips, a tall woman on a brown mare, Little Horse and myself went on.

The fox went to earth a few moments later. "That was the best hunt of the season," I heard someone say. I remember dropping two precious cigarettes and watching the mud slowly cover them, and then forgetting to light the one in my hand. It was over. The horn was sounding across the low fields and Little Horse tossed his snaffle in the politest way imaginable suggesting that we move on.

I never saw Little Horse again. I will never know how old he was, or even how high he really stood. My guess would be no higher than a slight 15.1. Paddy Punch rode up and whisked Little Horse away. He jogged off looking smaller than ever, turning his head to catch the last faint sound of the horn.

I will hunt in Ireland again, if ever I possibly can. But there can never be another first time, or a horse to carry me as Little Horse did. He is the kind that come once in a lifetime to say, "I exist; I am perfect. You will never know my breeding, or where I will go. But for now, trust me, and I shall show you a day you will remember as long as you live."

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MR. STEWART'S CHESHIRE FOXHOOUNDS

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Pennsylvania.
Established 1914.
Recognized 1914.



Seventeen years ago Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds' bitch pack ran a fox for 5 1-2 hours and made history. This year on Saturday, December 3, they once more showed sport comparable to that famous hunt of Feb. 6, 1932. They ran for 5 hours and 7 minutes putting their fox to ground approximately 2 miles from where they found him, having covered the better part of 18 miles of country and made a four mile point. These figures in themselves are not startling nor particularly dramatic, but the drama lay in the tremendous drive and cry of those Cheshire bitches, despite somewhat catchy scent, in the magnificence of the going, in the awe inspiring beauty of this Chester County country in the clear sunlight and in the excitement of a beautifully turned out field of over 80 galloping in hot pursuit. There were many visitors here for the day, making it even more satisfactory to the regulars of the Cheshire. "Ben" Johnson, Joint-M. F. H. of Essex; Major Charles Kindersley, Joint-M. F. H. of the Eglinton in Canada with his daughter, Mrs. Henry Lewis; James Knott, the Meadowbrook champion golfer; Hazard Leonard, well known polo player; and other authentic foxhunters from nearby packs. Squire Walter M. Grace, Mayor of Kennett Square; Byron Cochran, auctioneer; Cyrus Golde, greenskeeper at the Kennett Square Golf Club and ex-huntsman to Vicmead; Mrs. Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr.; Thomas Worrall, W. S. Worrall, Mrs. Helen Roberts, who drives the 30 miles regularly from the Main Line; and many more saw as much from their cars, and probably more, than those mounted.

Moving off at 11:15 from Doe Run, hounds found immediately in Fulton's Sheep Hill and making one circle in the north end of this big covert, forced their fox out the east side and ran well down the long hill and across the valley below. Barely pausing, they ran across the cement road leaving Mr. Kleberg's shipping pens on the right, up into the woods above, then bore right-handed across the Twin Bridges road up the hill through the southwest end of the Laurels, over the grass of the Rose Hill Farm, on to the Marshall place, over Dilworth hill, bearing south to the Bewley buildings. Working well, they ran on southward over Route 82 again, leaving Mrs. Taylor's house on the right, through Taylor's woods, Brooklawn, Saw Mill; then swinging left-handed ran very fast into Upland wood, out over the Chandler fields, into Hayes woods, across to the Mitchell place, through the east end of Coxe's, and on to Howard Hannum's cornfield, where the wind blew the scent around and forced them to their noses. Hitting off the line, they ran well into Wickersham and then worked hard on a falling scent through this long covert. Then there was a halloo on the north end of the covert and hounds were lifted to it. This fox was not the hunted fox viewed earlier in the day. Where we changed is a controversial subject—may be here and maybe in Upland. Nevertheless this fox ran south, back through Wickersham's, turned down wind across Major Waddington's and the Sutherland farms, leaving Hayes wood on the right, then right-handed back to the Chesterland Swamp, Little Pinkerton's, Pinkerton's, and Taylor's wood, where we saw the fox run across the Cone field and disappear into the Brooklawn woods. Here the Field got a breather as hounds hunted slowly through Taylor's swamp. They ran on well, south through Brooklawn woods, leaving the Annie Mullin field on the left, and back into the south end of the Saw Mill. Running on an improved scent, they streamed back into Upland, swung north in the covert, then west across to Pinkerton's and made almost the identical circle as before, except this time we viewed our fox away from Taylor's, heading for Baldwin's Hill. Hounds got very close to their fox here and drove on well through Bailey's woods, leaving the duPont

BLUE RIDGE HUNT

Millwood, Clarke County,
Virginia.
Established 1888.
Recognized 1904.



The Blue Ridge hounds met at Red Gate, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jenkins, on Nov. 19 at 10 A. M. In spite of rather adverse scenting conditions, very dry ground, and a high south wind, this proved to be one of the best days that we have had thus far.

Hounds were cast in the big field in front of the Sweatt's and drew on into the Red Gate woods where they found. Running at a good pace, the pack led us south to Alex Earle's woods. However, our fox was not taking any chances and took full advantage of the work being done on the new gas pipe line which is being run through this country and lost his followers in back of Harvey Schaffer's.

Hounds were then taken back to draw Harold Somer's field and crossed the road into Wolfe marsh where the Field spread out in hopes of finding Sir Reynard lying in the grass and giving him a scare, but no luck. On they worked, drawing Montana Hall woods which usually prove a good thing and today was no exception.

Norman Haymaker, one of the whippers-in, viewed a big red fox trotting up the road toward Red Gate. His tallyho was reinforced by much waving and hallooing on the hill in front of Red Gate where the vans were parked. The pack picked up the line quickly, and a wonderful uphill and down dale run followed which took its toll of unfit horses. Through Bethel churchyard, on across Bellfield and down to the river, we galloped!

Along the river bottom, the Field had a good chance to watch hounds working, and work they did, for the wind was giving them no help and

Quarries on the right, turned south over the Woodside place, back into the Brooklawn woods, over the Eli Logan field, across the road back into Pinkerton's and Little Pinkerton's (here 2 foxes were seen running together but hounds stuck to their hunted fox as we proved later by getting a good look at him) across the Chesterland field, leaving the old ice pond on the right, and into Upland again. Scent was not good in coverts and hounds did well to carry on with as much drive as they did. A halloo from the east side of Upland put us closer on our fox and away we went over the first three fences of the point-to-point course over the Hayes place and then hounds swung left-handed over Don Sutherland's, back over the field rented to Walt Thompson, and on into the Chambers' woods opposite Mrs. Norrie Sellar's drive. Here our fox waited for hounds and we all got a close-up view of him as he popped out in front of everyone. This time he ran back over Major Waddington's lawn, across the Chester's field to the little Mitchell covert, back into Hayes woods, across to the swamp by the old schooling ring, into Pinkerton's proper. This time the fox had started on his last circle as we ran rather more slowly on a catchy scent through Taylor's again into Brooklawn and to ground in the artificial earth at Annie Mullins'.

Mr. Stewart's great pack had had another great day and Masters of English hounds should be thankful he produced these hounds to continue a type bred with painstaking care.—"Sandon".

BATTLE CREEK HUNT

Battle Creek,
Michigan.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.



The Battle Creek Hunt of Battle Creek, Mich., extended an invitation to the members of the Waterloo Hunt, Jackson, Mich., for a bye-day of hunting in the Battle Creek country. P. T. Cheff and Frank Bechmann, Joint-Masters and official hosts on this occasion, met a large Field on November 20. The weather conditions were ideal for the scenting standpoint and the crispness of the air, with an occasional snow flurry, added just the right touch for the enthusiastic Field.

Lewis J. Sarvis, Battle Creek's honorary huntsman, cast hounds about one mile south of the club's kennels—hounds found quickly on a well-laid drag and were off at a fast pace with the Field following over a rough terrain and into the vast wooded country of the government-owned forest preserves (fox hunting permitted). Deep in the hilly wooded section with hounds well ahead, the Field negotiated a down hill run, interspersed with natural jumps—banks and fallen trees. It was jump, slide, and splash the rest of the way—up another bank—and out of the woods across farms with the first check at an old abandoned railroad track where riders followed hounds over an improved highway to the Glenn Cross property. Here hounds were again cast—found and ran east for 15 minutes, giving a wonderful opportunity for horses to stretch out and go on to their fences in grand style. Hounds checked again in the vicinity of Cotton Lake.

Three more runs completed the day—the second of these proved to be the best. Mr. Sarvis and the staff cast hounds in a territory newly opened to the Battle Creek Hunt. Throughout the summer and early fall this new country had been paneled and was being hunted for the first time. The new country is rolling and offered some excellent opportunity for fencing without the hazards of narrow, one panel limitations.

The heavily wooded areas provide excellent coverts for live hunting and promise to give good sport in the future. Hounds were at this point catching up with fresh drag and were going on fast—some of the Field kept in first flight despite losing derbies and occasional problems in a strange territory. Hounds check-

the line was very hard to carry in the open.

We trotted down the river road to Lakeville where the fox had turned north, but hounds were unable to pick up the line, so we decided to call it a day since we had been out some five hours and were getting further away from home at every step!

It was a tired but happy and satisfied group that hacked back to Red Gate to have thirst quenched and hunger assuaged at a delightful breakfast given by Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, a perfect end to a perfect day.—G. L.

Primitive Depicts Early Hare Hunt By Unknown Artist

It would be very interesting to uncover more sporting paintings by unknown artists depicting sport in this country at an early era. The picture on the cover this week shows a party hare hunting which, judging by their dress, must have been painted early in the 18th century. We hope that others with primitives will let us know so that we may be able to publish them on the cover. They reveal much about our earliest sporting traditions which is interesting and amusing, as well as being a fine contribution to the sporting record.

Primitives such as this have an appeal all their own. There is always a freshness and enthusiasm about them which is lacking in the more sophisticated and finer quality of the better known artists. One feels with a primitive, that the artist is putting down his colors inspired by a real love of what he or she sees, rather than from the professional's desire to be paid for his labors. Some of the feeling that the artist has for his subject is always left upon the canvas, no matter how old, quaint or old fashioned the picture may be.

In the picture on the cover, hounds are running a hare at sight, the old French type hunting horn is being sounded joyfully by the huntsman, while what appears to be a family out with their assorted pack of greyhounds and foxhounds goes cavorting over the hill. It is a gay scene illustrative of primitive art in the early years of our country.

ed and were roared ahead of the Field until nearer the home territory. The pack was again cast and gave a good run over rolling country approaching the location of the Battle Creek Hunt Club—the "kill" was made within a mile of the kennels.

After hounds were taken to the kennels, hunters cooled out, and the Masters properly thanked for a really good day's sport, the inevitable gathering provided much conversation and rehashing of the day from the fireside.—Mrs. C. Wynn Cronk.

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The Meadow Brook Drag

Greatest Test of Men and Horses Ever Attempted; Mr. Hitchcock Led the Field On His Last Gallop With the Drag

McPherson Kennedy

Now that, sad to relate, this justly famous drag is no longer in existence, I think a few lines concerning it, by one who partook of its "thrills and spills" for more seasons than I care to relate might possibly be of interest to those who rode with one in my time and also those who in all probability will never have the chance to do so.

The Meadow Brook Drag was to my way of thinking the greatest test of men and horses with hounds ever attempted anywhere. Any horse or rider able to negotiate this country behind a fast pack was certainly different from the average "run of the mill", my reasons for thinking so being as follows.

In the first place, nowhere else in America are the fences, originally built by the Quarter stock farmers and continued by the big estate owners, so high or so strong as they are in this particular part of the North Shore of Long Island and, as a result would perhaps be impossible to ride over were not the almost entirely grass going so nearly perfect as it is, there being no rocks, red clay, brooks or deep going in the gently rolling country.

Its pastures, like the Bailey Bros. farms, Mr. Ambrose Clark's big estate, Mr. Jackson's and Mr. Richard Howe's, to mention but a few places, were all enclosed by lines of fences very strongly constructed of stout pinned locust posts and four, sometimes five, heavy unpointed chestnut rails laid on top of these pins. And I may say in passing that as a rail is only as strong as its end, it makes a lot of difference whether you hit one of these or one thinned down to fit in a post hole.

These stock proof fences ranged in height from about 4'-4" to quite 5'. I've measured them often enough to know and after a five mile gallop over them successfully with the drag you and your mount had certainly been up in the air a lot. Furthermore it took a well bred hunter to stay close to hounds, most of the great drag horses I recall being either clean bred, like Mr. Hitchcock's great stable to mention the most outstanding example, or close to it, which bears out the statement of the late Whyte Melville that "The Thoroughbred horse is best even in the plough", which statement I may add I thoroughly agree with. The Meadow Brook Drag has certainly a glorious roster of men and horses who performed so gallantly with it, as a partial list of former M. F. H.'s will substantiate. T. Grey Griswold, T. P. Keene, Thomas Hitchcock, Malcolm Stevenson and E. S. Voss were certainly "rum ones to follow and hard ones to beat."

Too bad it has gone for the present generation of hunting lads to enjoy.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all its "stiffness" and apologies to the Bard of Avon.

The drag of Oct. 22, 1921, was memorable in that it marked the last appearance of that famous gentleman and sportsman over a Meadow Brook country, and when I think of his performance that day, taking into consideration the number of years that had elapsed since he was M. F. H., I regard it as probably the most remarkable one ever seen anywhere, as he led the Field over the entire five miles of almost continuous stiff fencing at a fast pace, and the inspiration I got from following his back carried me safely over several nasty places. I said in my diary of the time, "Please God I'm half as good at his age!" I am not—period stop. He was mounted on his chestnut son of Yankee—Campo, Meadow Brook and what a type of hunter he was: color, size, blood, disposition, etc., a truly remarkable beast of burden.

We met at Guinea Woods Road, Al Davis whipping to me on Texas Star, and the Field was, I believe, the largest that had turned out with

the drag for years. I cast my hounds on the Treadwell farm and after a gallop over these well enclosed fields, hounds swung right-handed to the late Penn Smith's place where directly in our path loomed a narrow lane a trappy place as there was a big fence on either side.

Mr. Hitchcock and I jumped in together and both our horses stopped at the out, we whirled at it again with no better results. Then Meadow Brook going way back on his hocks jumped out cleanly from a standstill and such is the power of good example my Nosegay followed suit. After another big one and a stiffish slat into Bacon Lane we were on the grass again. Crossing a boundary fence, another slat, to Stuart Iglehart's, we galloped to a check from the right side of his paddocks.

So far Mr. Hitchcock had certainly set one a merry pace and enough years have gone by for one to say that I and Nosegay were not too bad at that time ourselves.

After the customary checking of things leathery, I threw in again on Jay Phipp's property, hounds carrying us over Sam Oelsor farm and Russell Grace's Polo field at the other side of which I saw out of the corner of my eye Ed Dreier jump a particularly big panel. Crossing the Westbury Road Mr. Hitchcock elected to lead me in and out of Jay's bull paddock fortunately temporarily vacant and about 4'-6" of bull proof timber. He certainly was also a "rum one to follow, etc."

After a fast gallop over more Phipps' fences and fields we ended our day at Westbury Pond. Having jumped at least 35 fences, as I mentally cast back over the hunted line. Those well up with hounds, besides T. Hitchcock, Esq., included Bill Langley, Pad Rumsey, Al Davis, T. Hitchcock, Jr., Ed Dreier and Roddy Wanamaker.

To tea afterwards with Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock which I enjoyed immensely winding up a good hard day.

FRANKSTOWN HUNT

Altoona, Pennsylvania.
Established 1923.
Recognized 1928.



Thursday, December 1, fourteen members of the Frankstown met at the kennels with the weather most favorable thus far for following hounds.

Danny Lenehan cast 9 couple on the Good Farm opposite the Hunt Club property where a strong line was found and carried westward with beautiful hound music and hounds running under the well known blanket to a welcome check after a 4 mile point to the Stone Quarry on the State Farm.

Here they were moved into Meadows Pasture Land at Five Points, and after drawing a blank, they were again cast on Vipond's Farm and carried the Field over the stiff wide board fences and through Vipond's woods along the river at a steeplechase clip. They were again checked at Dell Delight.

From here they were carried to the Sportsman's Association Game Refuge and were cast southward, where a good line was found, and they thoroughly worked the barrens southwest of the Hunt Club property. After jumping the big chicken coops surrounding our own property, they finally checked in the orchard of the Cassidy Farm after a delightful 2 1-2 hours of sport.

We were very pleased to have Mrs. June Vipond and Miss Marjorie Sellers hunt with us today, as well as our own Jimmy Blatchford trying a new hunter.

Saturday, December 3. Seven and a half couple of cross-bred hounds working a warm line out of Will DeLozier's orchards in the Loop Coun-

try on four inches of frozen snow—Joint-Masters Dr. Glover and Danny Lenehan with their staff and sixteen thrifty-looking, red-faced Franks-towners moving carefully southwest into a biting breeze—Mercury, Pete, and Drummer speak, joyfully. The whole Field, without the least eye-strain, sees three deer moving right out of there. We whip hound's off without too much riding, swinging left-handed east to try again. Master Danny carries hounds ahead and every noggin is down right into the snow; by the set of Danny's jaw, they'd better keep them there. A half-mile of this and we latch on to a stout fellow that carries us on a beautiful 4-mile point to the down timber in MacIntyre's where he gives hounds the slip, and no shame to them, half the Field looks rather lost too.

M. F. H. Lenehan now decides to cross to Shaw's in the very head of the Loop, so clop along fine lads and be grateful for the breather. In the pines below Shaw's Run, music begins in full crescendo—away we hammer to Hamill's Home and beyond. That's 4 miles, your horse will tell you, but this good red boy takes his brush with him through the dense growth and more down timber. Say, this Master Lenehan flits over the country like the Irish wraith he possibly is. If you miss an opening or get stuck at a fence, you'll be doin' your flittin' alone! And M. F. H. Glover comes along as nonchalantly as though this weren't tough country to hunt!

A day like this freshens your liking and admiration and respect for your fellow huntin' men; they're just as tough and ready as they always were. Well, let's get along to the Vipond's breakfast—Elda and Paul and their flock of beautiful grandchildren, Anne, Dot, Junie, and Stite Vipond, this is.

Thursday, December 8: Thirteen members of the Frankstown met at the kennels and with a temperature exactly freezing; the fields were frozen hard with light snow on top, making the going for horses somewhat treacherous.

Danny Lenehan cast 8 couple of

hounds in the woodland east of the Hunt Club, where a strong line was found and driven very hard to the Sportsman's Park on the edge of Hollidaysburg. During this run, three deer were seen, fortunately only by members of the Field and hounds were not distracted from their drag line.

At the first check, which was a welcome one, hounds were moved to Dell Delight Park where they again found a strong line in Vipond's woods and carried this to Brumbaugh meadow-land. From here they worked again eastward through the City and State Farms and were finally checked on the Cassidy Farm, at which time a driving snow storm had developed making it practically impossible to see. In as much as tonight is our Farmers Party, Dr. Glover then ordered hounds to kennels.

Riders returned home for a quick change and then returned to Dell Delight Park, where a delicious turkey dinner was served to 194 of our farmer friends and their sons. The farmers were entertained by the magical McDermotts, and Mr. Howard Lindaman, who spoke on early Pennsylvania history.

This party was voted by both the farmers and the Frankstown members as being the most successful in our seventeen year history.

—C. E. Maloy



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Bay Gelding 7 yrs., 17 hands. . . .

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West Hills Hunt Club

Enthusiastic Horsemen In California's San Fernando Valley Enjoy Riding To Hounds In Traditional Manner

Jacqueline Wilson

The baying of foxhounds now echoes through the San Fernando Valley hills. A group of enthusiastic horsemen have joined together to form a drag hunt incorporated under the Seal of California. Serious and hard working, the members of the West Hills Hunt Club are adhering strictly to the traditions of hunting and hope someday to become associated with the Master of Foxhounds Association of America.

Recently moving to California from the East where I hunted in Maryland, I was thrilled to find such interest in "riding to hounds". Furthermore, I was very much impressed with the politeness and sportsmanship shown in the hunting field, which make it a pleasure to be a member of the club.

The West Hills Hunt Club opened its first hunt season on Sunday, October 16, 1949. A colorful Field of 29 met at a designated spot in their Woodland Hills hunting territory, consisting of 6000 acres of level and slightly rolling country. Good hunting weather prevailed, fog and occasional drizzles eliminating any dust due to the long drought.

Percy Dunn, who has been showing hunters and jumpers in California for the past 15 years, is Master of the Foxhounds. Mr. Dunn, besides being a well known figure in horse show circles, was a member of the West Kent Hounds in England and first rode to hounds at the tender age of 10.

Jimmy Donaldson, a former member of the Moore County Hounds in South Carolina, is first whipper-in; Audrey Scott, a former member of the Palos Verdes Hunt, is second whipper-in and Elizabeth Dailey is third whipper-in. All the whips are honorary.

The Master and his staff roamed the pack of 5 couple, purchased from the Potomac Hunt in Rockville, Maryland, about a half mile, then cast them to a 2 mile drag. Picking up the line beautifully, the registered American foxhounds, continued to work well giving proof of the diligent work and capable training they had received from the M. F. H. and his staff during the summer. Since it was the pack's first time out, they were asked to do no more, and returned to the kennels.

Mrs. Maria Springer was the first lady in at "the kill". Before she could catch her breath, Percy Dunn whipped out a beautiful brush, to the amazement of all, and presented it to her.

The Field-Master and vice-president, Don Cameron, a former member of the Portland Hunt Club, then led his Field over four good runs and checks, taking fences all the way, and acquainting us with the well paneled country.

Some 50 spectators observed the hunt from a near-by hill, where they had a perfect vantage point taking in many miles of country well suited to hunting. They also enjoyed the unique spectacle of a true eastern drag hunt taking place on the far western terrain of Southern California.

At noon, the Field, their friends, and families were guests of the Master, Percy Dunn, for a hunt breakfast served in typical California fashion in an open air patio beneath colored umbrellas—aided once more by an obliging weather man, who this time turned on the sun to warm the 77 guests.

Seated at the speakers' table were the Master and his staff: George A. Burns, a member of the Cavalry School Hunt in Fort Riley, Kansas, president of the club; William Ashley, treasurer, and Isabell Young, secretary, both well-known California riders. Nino Pipitone, Professor of Animal Husbandry and one of the hunt's most ambitious organizers; Roger Marchetti, legal counselor; Ronald Reagan, and Dan Dailey were also at the speakers' table.

During the gay breakfast, speeches and toasts were presided over by

George Burns. A toast was given to Ronald Reagan, one of the original and most enthusiastic members of the hunt. Mr. Reagan was unfortunately not able to join in the meet due to a recent accident, but was present on crutches. To add to the fun of the first meet, Mrs. Springer was again called forward and further rewarded for her prowess in the field with the rest of the fox—artistically mounted on green felt, no less! Ardent horseman, Dan Dailey, whose wife, Liz, is a most capable whipper-in, was toasted as West Hills' first life member.

On October 30 hounds met at the club house and drew up a hill through the Burns'. The pack was cast on the drag and gave the Field a good run of about 3 miles. The M. F. H. checked in a valley on the other side of the long gently sloping hill, which is scattered with a variety of jumps: coops, post and rails, log and board fences. Percy Dunn then turned hounds back toward the Burns' which was about 4 miles away, this time circling the hill. The pack picked up the line immediately, giving tongue enthusiastically and running hard. Suddenly they were off the line dashing up a steep, thick-eted slope. Before they had gotten far on the "live" scent, however, Liz Dailey and Audrey Scott were on them and in no time at all had whipped the pack back on the drag.

The Field returned to the Burns' and jumped a few fences on their large outside course, with interested followers of the hunt watching from the house on the top of the hill. After cooling out their horses, the members proceeded to breakfast as guests of the club's president, George A. Burns and Mrs. Burns.

At the breakfast Whippers-in Liz Dailey and Audrey Scott were commended for their quick thinking and alert action in the hunting field.

Wednesday, November 9, despite the steady rainfall, some 15 or more riders met in good spirits. The scent was keen and hounds took the Field on a merry run. Everyone had a wonderful day, in fact, when the members who stayed at home learned of the fun they had missed, they were all envious.

November 30 was a memorable day for all who were fortunate enough to be out. The West Hills Hunt met at 9:00 A. M.; the day was cool and windy. Pink coats, shining horses of black, bay, grey, and chestnut, created a colorful picture in the bright California sunlight.

The Field hacked for about a quarter of a mile where the hounds were cast. With Big Foot in the lead, the pack headed towards the southern section of the hunt's Woodland Hill's territory. We had to really "gallop on" to stay with them. Luckily the footing was good and the country was fairly open. Only one who rides to hounds can understand the thrill of "galloping on" with the sound of the thundering hoofbeats, the shrill of the horn, and hound music echoing in your ears.

The pack was checked in a valley for a few minutes, then, cast on the scent again running parallel with a large hill. After another exciting run, the Master checked in a cool shaded spot where the Field dismounted and cooled their horses—which are mostly Thoroughbreds. Many of the horses are well known winners in California show rings, such as: Mrs. Springer's Bay Fern and Film Actor; Kim Firestone's Wopple II; Sam Register's Reno Uncle Sam; Jimmy Donaldson's Scotch Highball, and Sissy King's Jackette.

At the end of the hunt, we all thanked the Master, Percy Dunn, for what seemed to be in the opinion of all "the best hunt to date". Everybody was very pleased with the progress the staff had made with hounds, as they packed well and followed the scent perfectly, working better than on any previous hunt.

Following the hunt our destina-

ELKRIDGE-HARFORD HUNT CLUB
Monkton,
Maryland.
Merged 1934.
Recognized 1934.



HOWARD COUNTY HUNT

Ellicott City,
Maryland.
Established 1930.
Recognized 1932.



Following their annual custom the Elkridge-Harford met at St. James Church on Thanksgiving day and, as usual, most of the Field attended the service in the picturesque little brick church which dates from 1750. It is difficult for me to remember how many Thanksgiving days I have spent in this same way, but this year will stand out among them for several reasons. To begin with, the church itself has never looked so well for it has been newly roofed and repaired. The outside is now an attractive cream color and the inside, which had grown very dingy over the years, is a cheerful Wedgwood green which made a perfect background for the sprinkling of scarlet coats among the congregation. There were more people hunting than I have ever seen before at this holiday meet and the Field numbered close to a hundred. Miss Katherine Bosley, who teaches riding, brought over a lot of her very young pupils. She has not only taught them to ride well but has so thoroughly schooled them in the manners to be observed in the hunting field that they were never in anyone's way. Many of the children on their diminutive mounts took on the big fences in perfect style, notably little Miss Anne McIntosh whose grey mare, Princess Pride, is a brilliant jumper. It is only natural that Anne should be a good horsewoman for her family have always been prominent in Maryland hunting circles.

As hounds and riders filed down the slippery road from the church to draw the first covert there seemed to be even more automobiles than horses following and, in addition the countryside was alive with rabbit hunters, so that I could not believe that it would be possible for us to have any sport that day. The cars lined up to watch everyone jump the first fence, a panel which was really a very nasty obstacle, as it had to be negotiated immediately after turning off the glassy surface of the macadam road. Before long a fox was found in the Meyers-Saportas woods. He made for the Nelson place then crossed the Sehlhost and Obre farms; here he turned and ran back over practically the same line and, after a fast run of fifty minutes, disappeared in his underground bomb proof shelter on the Manor race course. It was almost too good to be true to have had this fine run under such adverse conditions and this one hunt was enough to have made a happy Thanksgiving day for all of us.

Hounds were now taken over to the Benjamin Griswold place where they found fox number two— not such an obliging animal for he dashed into a barn and retired among the hales of hay. We did not disturb him and went on to Edward Voss Jr.'s farm to find fox number three which, unfortunately, only ran

tion was "Casa Dailey" where we had been invited by Liz and Dan Dailey for cocktails and breakfast. Extemporaneous speeches were given by the staff and members, and toasts were drunk in appreciation of the hard work and willing help contributed to the club by its members. George Burns introduced some hunting songs which everyone joined in singing, accompanied by an accordion. We all had a wonderful time at the Dailey's, a fitting climax after a delightful day of hunting.

The club has published and distributed to its approximately 60 members, a schedule of 32 hunts for the 1949-50 season, which will continue to May 28, 1950. They plan on several hunt breakfasts, a pre-season hunter trial in January, and a Hunt Ball to "top off" the season. Also the club has planned a junior hunt during Christmas holidays for the 15 junior members and their guests. Mrs. Augusta King, Junior advisor, held a meeting at her house where the juniors planned their hunt and elected a Field-Master and three assistant whips. Percy Dunn, M. F. H., was present at the meeting and further acquainted the interested young hunters with the responsibilities of the staff and the proper etiquette of members in the field.

Our cubbing season opened Sept. 17 and was a most satisfactory one. Hounds went out two or three times each week until our regular season opened October 29.

This year our pack is much improved by the addition of several couple of hounds. Although they came late in the summer, they soon adjusted themselves to their new surroundings and country, and were working well for the opening afternoon meet and are continuing to do so.

One of the outstanding runs of the cubbing season was enjoyed by the huntsman, one whip and the solitary lady member of the Field that morning. Hounds were cast into the woods southeast of Folly Quarter Corner. They struck immediately. The fox made a wide circle around the woods and went to earth. Hounds were cast for the second time and were drawn toward "Homewood". Here hounds found and after running across the fields and pastureland of "Homewood"; the fox ran toward "Doughoregan Manor". He ran the south end of the Manor, through the old goat meadow and turned north to Burleigh Manor and an earth. The morning was very dry and the hound work was truly grand. Pat and Polly, always a fast pair, seemed to hold a slight lead ahead of the rest of the pack; but they were all together when the fox was holed.

The whole of November has been a wonderful hunting month. Here in Howard County, the weather has been ideal and we haven't had a blank day yet. On the 17th hounds were cast south of Carroll's Mill. In a large field the bass note of old Tap assured us that a fox had been through. For one reason or another, it took the hounds rather long to straighten the line out. It seemed as though the scent was almost too old. But suddenly they all packed up and went out of the woods in full cry, south across the roadway and over a huge beautiful grass field. We had a fast but short gallop as, over the hill, we heard Ruler's note at the earth. Hounds were lifted and we drew through a pine grove on Charles Carroll's pastureland. We were soon gone away and this fox, viewed by an ardent hill topper, was a big red; back across the sage field and over again where the first find had been. Hounds were heard along the river bottom and worked west back to Carroll's Mill. This fox crossed the roadway within a few feet of the first one. Following almost a direct line across the grass field we all felt as though it would be two foxes in the same earth, but at the crest of the hill hounds swung left and toward the pine woods from whence the fox had come. To the delight of all, the fox had gone through the woods and south to the Baker place where he went to earth. Our Master for the morning called it a day.

Much thanks goes out to our hunt committee through whose efforts we were able, this past summer, to panel and open up this wonderful part of our hunting country.

—J. P. S.

a short distance before going to ground in the big meadow. Verdant Valley swamp, which is generally always a sure find, was next drawn and fox number four was found there, but this fox also showed no inclination to exercise and soon went to ground. Fox number five was found in Frank Voss' place and proved a more athletic and sporting character. He gave us a fast forty minutes over the Garrison, Schley, McIntosh, Wing and Bonage farms after which he dashed over to and across the big race track woods before going to ground on Allen Gillespies farm. Anyone who knows this country will realize how much ground was covered in the comparatively short time. After this we all thought enough foxes had been hunted for one day and everyone returned to a Thanksgiving tea at the hunt club. I only hope that the foxes, particularly numbers one and five, enjoyed their Thanksgiving repasts as much as we did ours.

Continued on Page 20

BREEDING

AND

Racing

A SECTION
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE TURF

Thoroughbreds

Racing Presented With False Dilemma;
Stimulation By Night Racing and
Off-the-Course Betting Not the Answer

Joe H. Palmer

One of the standard tricks of logic is the presentation of a false dilemma, in which the victim is assured that only two courses, one entirely baleful, remain to him. This has been practiced very successfully on our state Department recently, by various nations which represent that they must have either money or communism. With these high affairs this department has nothing to do, except help pay, but it seems that racing, particularly in New York, is also being presented with a false dilemma. With a dropping pari-mutuel handle cutting down gross revenue, it is being argued that the only two solutions are night racing or off-the-course betting.

This is to make certain assumptions. One is that the high gross betting of 1945 and 1946 is necessary for continued racing prosperity. Another is that a maximum quantity of racing is somehow beneficial to the continuation of the sport. Some very prominent racing people seem subject to the second of these assumptions. At the recent meeting of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations it was pointed out with what I took to be pride that racing, or rather betting, was legal in twenty-five states. Personally I can't see what good this does. Up to here, at least, racing is entirely an individual matter in each state, and there seems no outside possibility of federal legislation concerning it. If five, or even ten, of the minor racing states were lost, I cannot see that this would do any lasting harm. It would, to be sure, cut back the production of horses, but it would cut back at the bottom, not the top.

This is not to say that the spread of racing to additional territory is undesirable. It's merely to say that it's unimportant to the general fabric. More racing doesn't mean better racing, any more than additional leagues would mean better baseball. New money always means new people, and the ultimate spread per capita stays about the same.

The maintenance of a high betting average is much harder to deal with, though it must be remembered that New York racing was for many years at the highest level in the country without any pari-mutuel betting at all. There was a revenue, which could not have averaged much more than \$8,000 a day, from the book makers (it was usually \$100 a book, with from 60 to 100 books on), and all the rest came from gate receipts.

At present, however, the pari-mutuel average appears to determine purses, and these eventually decide the wages of trainers and grooms and jockeys and, after some lag, the price of horses. For these to dwindle in inflated times, is to place the personnel of racing at a comparative disadvantage with people in other industries.

Yet it is not, fundamentally, the average which is important, as much as what the tracks get out of this average. The prosperity of racing was built, in most states except New York, on a pari-mutuel take of from seven to ten per cent. In New York it was built on a five per cent take. With the prosperity of war time, this was in many cases cut, and in most cases taxes which increased the gross take-out were imposed.

Admittedly it is going to be very difficult to get these taxes lessened, because all legislatures are predatory. But the notion here is that this is the only course which will leave racing essentially the sport it has always been, and will, more importantly, leave it with some hope of perpetuity. Night racing will,

without any doubt, change it into a roulette wheel, with its people and its horses largely anonymous, and I believe that any prosperity it achieved would be highly temporary.

Off-the-course betting, which is presented as the alternative to this, would be very likely to make the tracks rich beyond the dreams of avarice, but you can see about how long this would last. Let us suppose that that handle on a Thursday at Aqueduct were increased from \$1,500,000 to \$3,000,000 by the addition of betting in various marts in Manhattan. It would require only one session of the legislature to cut the track's share from four to two per cent, and increase the tax from six to eight per cent, and Aqueduct would be right where it was.

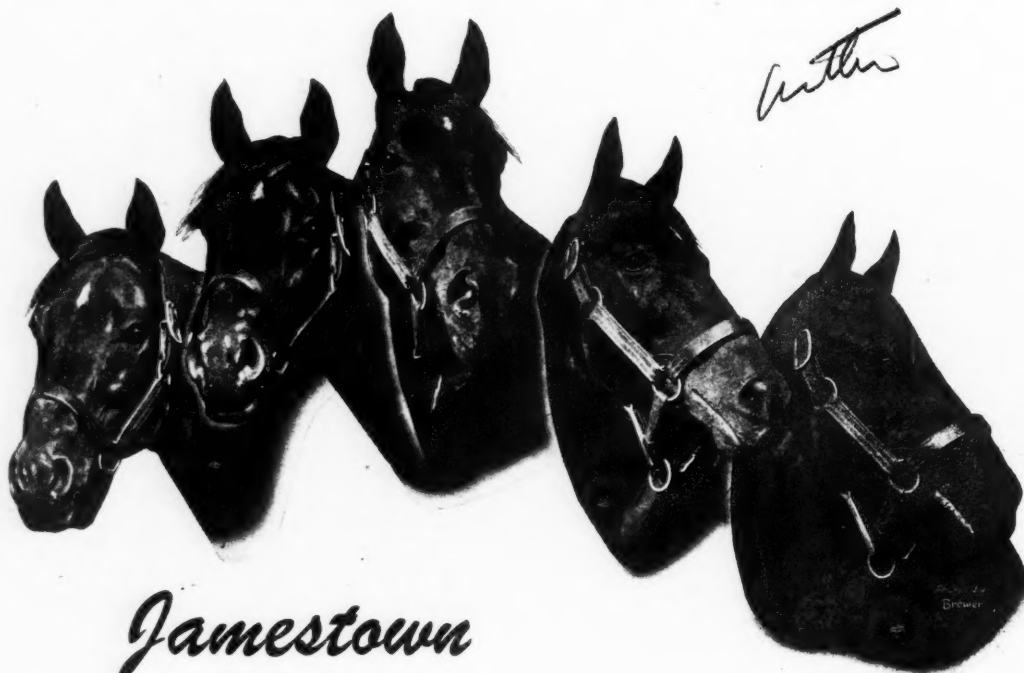
The main objection to off-the-

course betting is that to increase the betting in any community, or even to get all the betting into figures which everyone can see, is very likely to get betting thrown out entirely. It is customary to speak of a "reform element" in this connection, but sometimes it's merely an "economic element." The idea of tempting people to additional waste—for I do not suppose you can contend that betting is much else—and then taxing them on it may be good racketeering, but I'm pretty sure it isn't good statesmanship.

Racing's philosophy has always been fairly well expressed in the phrase, "do the best you can." It has met all its gales by shutting its hatches down and riding with bare poles. I suspect that maybe that's

Continued on Page 11

Sire of winners of over \$2,000,000



Jamestown

78% of his foals have won

One of the top members of one of America's greatest crops of foals in recent years, Jamestown has compiled a unique record in the stud. Not including his current crop of 2-year-olds (of which five are winners from 12 foals), Jamestown is the sire of 204 foals, 192 starters, and 160 winners. Considering the number of foals, this record is about as close to 100% as it is possible for any sire to gain. Jamestown is also sire of 17 stakes winners, including the three \$100,000 winners Johnstown, Natchez, and Specify.

Jamestown is a son of St. James out of Mlle. Dazie, by Fair Play. His second dam is Toggery, by *Rock Sand.

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Class Horses

**The Thermometer of Class Seems To Go Up
And Down But the Term Will Always Be
In Vogue Even If Wrongly Applied**

Michael Miller

The word or term "class" is used by many people when referring to any individual's quality in any particular avenue of sport or even literature. Many people of humble origin, who have excelled in their own particular sphere, have been described as having "class" by their admirers.

Horses are, of course, quite different when breeding is taken into account.

Many horsemen describe certain horses as "class" and owners of good game, willing horses, who are used for utility purposes, often praise them and with an affectionate pat on the neck will utter the magic word "class"—"She's a bit of class."

The Thoroughbred is, of course, different.

There are classic horses whose performances place them in a high category of "class". If their breeding is considered classical, and they do not come up to a certain standard of perfection on their racecourse performances, they are ruled out, until perhaps later on in their careers they win a handicap, and then they are described as having "class".

You often hear racing people say, "Well, look at his breeding! By Hyperion! And chucked in with 7 stone 5 lbs., that's where class tells—class every time."

So the thermometer of "class" seems to go up and down, and the term will always be in vogue even if wrongly applied owing to the perplexities with which it is associated.

The classic performances of great racehorses are often valued by breeders, who describe them as "class performers of classic breeding."

Let us take the male line of our successful stallion Hyperion to see how misleading the word "class" can really be if taken in its absolute literal sense.

Hyperion was by Gainsborough, a "class" horse who possessed all the assets of a great racehorse. He was by Bayardo, another great horse of outstanding merit. Bayardo's sire was Bay Ronald, a son of the stout Hampton.

We know comparisons are odious, but for the sake of endeavouring to define this word class in racehorses, I am going to compare Bay Ronald with the Derby, St. Leger, Ascot Gold Cup winner, Persimmon, a son of St. Simon.

Although Bay Ronald won the Lowther Stakes, the Limekiln Stakes at Newmarket, the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, the City and Suburban, and the Epsom Cup, he was not the

"class" performer of his contemporary Persimmon. He did not reach his reserve of 500 guineas at Doncaster, 1894, and was afterwards sold privately to Sir Leonard Brassey for £500 and sent to Tom Jennings to train. It has been written that he was not a horse of strong constitution in spite of being a son of the powerful Hampton. He was a slow developer and matured gradually. As a 2-year-old he was not very prominent. As a 3-year-old he ran in good company and was 4th in the Newmarket Stakes. At the end of his 3-year-old career after 10 races and being placed a couple of times, he won the Lowther Stakes, 1 1/2 miles, and the Limekiln Stakes. At 4 he was 2nd in the City and Suburban, Epsom; and at Ascot he won the Hardwicke Stakes. In the Eclipse Stakes he was 3rd to Persimmon and he was 2nd in the Champion Stakes and unplaced in all his other races that season. The following season he won the City and Suburban at Epsom.

Bay Ronald was prepared for the Gold Cup which was won by the French-bred Elf II. After this great effort Bay Ronald appeared to lose ground and was retired to stud, at the stud fee of 25 guineas dam of winners free.

No doubt many experts of that day described Bay Ronald as having no "class", while Persimmon was sought after by all at 300 guineas. Bay Ronald was exported to France where he sired MacDonald II, the winner of the Prix de Sablonville, Prix Boiard, and other races. About the time Bay Ronald was sold to a French syndicate, there was a "sucker" by him with his dam Darkie—this little fellow was later known as Dark Ronald, destined to be the sire of Son-in-Law.

By this time Persimmon had sired Sceptre, Queen Beauty, Red Lily, and Pericles. However, Bay Ronald had left behind a mare in foal to him by the name of Gallia, which was by Galopin, and her colt foal became the famous Bayardo, which won the New Stakes, Middle Park Stakes, Dewhurst Stakes, St. Leger, Ascot Gold Cup, Eclipse Stakes, and National Breeder Stakes. Bayardo was one of the best conformed horses ever foaled. He won 22 races, value £44,700.

Returning to Persimmon, which was a bay; he stood 16.2, measured 8 3/4 inches below the knee, and had a girth which measured 6 ft. 3 ins. As a 2-year-old he won the Coventry Stakes and the Richmond

Stakes. At 3 he won the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Jockey Club stakes for his owner King Edward VII. At 4 he won the Ascot Gold Cup and the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park.

Now where does this word "class" lead us to-day?

The male line of Persimmon is not to be compared with the male line of Bay Ronald. One of Persimmon's most successful descendants to-day is Papageno II, which sired in 1946, 22 1-2 winners of racing value £5,538 1-2. Another is Sir Walter Raleigh, £1,453. Others are Tonton, £3,842; Rose Prince (dead) £471 (1946); Prince Galahad (dead), 365 races; total since 1922, £113,081.

The descendants of Bay Ronald are well known and the mention of a few may be of interest.

Stock's winnings, 1936

Trimdon	£12,690
Admiral's Walk	12,963
Epigram	10,250
Bobsleigh	15,323
Mid-day Sun	8,003
Stardust	17,438
Tiberius	8,538
Hyperion	54,021
Solario (dead)	9,032
Dastur	7,784

I do not wish to start a discussion on the much criticised Bruce Lowe Figure System, but Bay Ronald belonged to the famous No. 3 sire family, and the success that followed him is obvious to all whether in favour or not.

Persimmon was a member of the No. 7 family, so no doubt Bruce Lowe really did mean something when he acclaimed the No. 3 tribe as the best sire family in those days, even if his theory has left itself open to criticism in these highly scientific days, when scientific inbreeding can improve a sire line.

Persimmon being by the great St. Simon was, in my opinion, an individual, but lacked sufficient prepotency to enable his individuality to carry on in the same prepossessing, characteristic style, which had been a gift to him.

"Class" is true of Persimmon, and "class" also belonged to Bay Ronald. After all, all Thoroughbreds are "class", "class in all company."

Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page 10

the best way to meet present conditions. Such stimulation as can be got by night racing or off-the-course betting suggests to me those remedies your friends suggest on January 1. The only sure cure for a hang-over is time.

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TIDE RIPS

Chestnut horse, 1944

by BATTLESHIP—SUN FLO, by *SUN BRIAR

Stakes winner of \$78,975

Winner of the Brandywine and Monmouth 'Caps; second in the Trenton, Havre de Grace 'Caps and The Belmont; third in the Sussex and Manhattan 'Caps.

TIDE RIPS.....	BATTLESHIP.....	Man o'War.....	Fair Play
		*Quarantine.....	Mahubah
	SUN FLO.....	*Sun Briar.....	Sea Sick
		*Flo II.....	Queenie
			Sundridge
			*Sweet Briar II
			Alcantara II
			Fulda II

TIDE RIPS' sire Battleship was one of Man o'War's greatest sons. A stakes winner on the flat and through the field in the United States, a 'chasing stakes winner in England and the only American-owned and bred winner of the English Grand National. He is the sire of the stakes winners Tide Rips, Floating Isle, Navigate, War Battle and the winners Battle Cruiser, Battle Rock, Deep Six, Navy Bomber, Navy Gun, Seventeen Guns, Spain's Armada, Squadron Girl, and Westport Point, etc. Sun Flo, dam of TIDE RIPS was a winner and besides TIDE RIPS produced Resplendence and Sunmoor.

FEE: \$300, payable at time of service

Money refunded November 1st, 1950 if mare proves barren. Stakes winners and Dams of Stakes Winners, Free.

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	ON DELIVERY.....	SELENE
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2. SUMMER STOCK Foaled 1937	STROLLING PLAYER.....	GRAND PARADE
	FAIRLEE.....	COMEDIENNE
Bay Filly Foal by BEAU OF MINE		BRIGHT NIGHT
Price including Mare and Foal—\$1500.00		WOOD VIOLET
3. HELEN'S JEWELL Foaled 1938	NIGHT WING.....	TORLOISK
	JEMBS.....	BLACK WINGS
Black Filly Foal by GREY FLARES		BRUMADO
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Malvern 1966

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Colonel Chinn Recalls

**Sarazen the Best Horse the Well-Known
Lexington Horseman Ever Owned; Leonatus
The Best He Was Ever Connected With**

Neil Newman

"What was the best horse I ever owned and what was the best horse I ever was connected with? The answer to the first question—Sarazen; to the second, Leonatus."

The speaker was Colonel Phil T. Chinn. He was answering questions as he sat in a box at Belmont Park the day before the Futurity, meditatively smoking a big cigar.

With an introspective gleam in his eye, Lexington's best known horseman continued:

"I acquired Sarazen because I liked his make, shape and action. I first saw Sarazen as a yearling on the farm of his breeder Dr. Marius E. Johnson. He was a chestnut colt with a blaze face and two white stockings behind. He was by a horse named High Time out of Rush Box, by Box. Running in the paddock with him was another colt by High Time, also a chestnut, out of Photo, by Llangwm.

High Time, the sire of these yearlings, was also a chestnut. He was foaled in 1916, was bred by J. W. Corrigan at his Wickliffe Stud, and was by Ultimus—Noon Day, by Domino. High Time was "an inbred Domino" and was sold as a 2-year-old on January 15, 1918, at the dispersal sale of the Wickliffe Stud to Henry A. Porter for \$3,500. He raced only at 2, starting 6 times, winning once and was 3rd once, earning \$3,950. He inherited the unsoundness of his family and could not be trained after his first racing season. His victory was achieved in the Hudson Stakes, in which he established a new track record, and he finished 3rd in the Great American Stakes.

Later he was sold to Admiral Cary T. Grayson and stood at Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield's Haylands Stud. No one wanted to breed to him particularly. Dr. Johnson was given free services for Rush Box and Photo. Neither mare had ever been broken. The two yearlings were contemptuously stated to be "by a quarter horse out of a plough mare". I knew, of course, that High Time was a fast horse but unsound.

I liked these two chestnut yearlings and made a deal with Dr. Johnson whereby I acquired possession of them for \$2,500. The one out of Rush Box I named Sarazen, after the champion golf player. I turned him over to C. E. Patterson to train, and he won his first 3 starts in my colors; the last one was at Saratoga, August 28, 1923.

Max Hirsch, a very sound judge of a horse, liked Sarazen, and after somewhat protracted negotiations I sold him to Hirsch's patron Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, who raced in the nondecourse Fair Stable, for \$30,000. Sarazen was unbeaten at 2, winning 10 races, 7 for his fair owner. Such was the paucity of the stakes and purses of those days that the 10 races were worth but \$37,880.

Sarazen was a horse of the high-

est class at 3 and 4, and in his racing career started in 55 races, winning 27, 2nd in 2 and 3rd in 6, earning \$225,000. His victory in the third of the Internationals at Latonia, in which he defeated *Epinard, Mad Play, Altawood, Princess Doreen, and Chilhowee, running the 1 1/4 miles in 2:00 4-5 seconds under scale weight, was a classic, one of the best races ever run by a 3-year-old.

"The colt out of *Photo was named Time Exposure. He ran twice in my name, finishing 3rd once and was sold the latter part of August, 1923, to Frank Farrell for \$15,000 and turned over to the "Evergreen" Bill Knapp to train. For Farrell he won 6 races at 2.

"From what Sarazen and Time Exposure had shown I determined to acquire a controlling interest in High Time from Admiral Grayson. This I did, and later removed High Time to the Himyar Stud where he was an outstanding success, leading the sires in this country in 1938 when his issue won 109 races and \$307,631. After I dispersed Himyar Stud, High Time was sold to Charles T. Fisher and was removed to the Dixiana Farm where he died November 20, 1937, at the age of 21.

"Leonatus was one of the first horses I ever remember. At the time I was then about 7 years old and Leonatus was 3. He was a bay horse with a stripe, his hind pasterns white, and stood about 15.2. He was by the great Longfellow—Semper Felix, by *Phaeton and went back to the great producer Levity. He was bred by General A. J. Cassatt at his Chesterbrook Stud in Pennsylvania and was acquired by my father Colonel Jack Chinn and his partner, a man named Morgan, for whom my brother Morgan was named. I had another brother Christopher, commonly called Kit, who was a starter for a number of years on Kentucky tracks and later was associated with Fred Forsyth. They raced a number of good horses under the firm name of Chinn and Forsyth.

"Getting back to Leonatus, he was turned over to the master, Raleigh Colston, to train. Raleigh Colston was one of the best negro trainers that ever lived and Leonatus was beaten but once in the two seasons he raced. At 3 he started 10 times and was never beaten. His outstanding success in my father's red and white silks was scored in the Kentucky Derby, in which he whipped a high class horse later purchased by Pierre Lorillard, named Drake Carter. Leonatus went wrong when he was shipped East to Monmouth Park to measure strides with the Dwyer Brothers' great 3-year-old, George Kinney."

On being asked if he contemplated going to England for the December sales at Newmarket, the master of the Old Hickory Farm stated he

found it impossible to do so for the reason he was going to sell a number of yearlings at Keeneland in November.

"However," continued the genial Kentuckian, "I have spent many happy days in England, particularly at Newmarket, where in years gone by I bought a number of weanlings that made a deep impression in American racing history. In 1912 in association with the late Jefferson Livingston, I bought two yearlings that were stake winners here. At 2, in 1914, Colonel Vennie won the Walden stakes and a year later at 3 *Royal II won the Latonia Derby.

"In 1922 I bought a bay colt by Lord Archer—Bachelor's Choice, by Double, for 43 guineas—Gene Leigh was the "voice". At Saratoga the following August, when this colt was led into the ring, he was announced as a cribber. But, that astute judge of a yearling, Andy Blakley, was not swayed thereby and bought the colt for \$1,000 for the "shadowy" W. Daniel. He was named Master Charley and was the best 2-year-old of 1924. In 12 starts he won 7 races, was 2nd once and 3rd once, earning \$95,525. As a proof of Blakley's skill as a trainer permit me to point out this colt won the Tijuana Futurity on March 23 and the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes on November 1. At the same time I purchased Master Charley. I bought at Newmarket the grey colt by Grey Fox—Mary Queen of Scots for 500 guineas. He was offered for sale by Senor S. J. Unzué, one of the most prominent owners and breeders in the Argentine Republic. At Saratoga the following August, 1923, he realized \$19,000. Charley Hill bought him for the account of Harry F. Sinclair and immediately after the sale William R. Coe declared "in" on the purchase and Sinclair agreed, but the horse always raced in Sinclair's name. In his racing career, trained by Sam Hildreth, he won 13 races and earned \$79,385.

"However, I think the best weaning I ever bought in England was purchased privately in 1923 for \$5,500 it was a bay colt by Phalaris—Carnival, by Martagon. The following August at Saratoga my rotund

friend William Tecumseh, alias "Fatty", Anderson practically stole the colt for \$6,500. He was named Carlaris, and in Anderson's red, white, and green silks won 14 races and earned \$110,461. His outstanding victories were scored in lower California at 3 when he won the Tijuana Derby and the Tijuana Handicap.

"Antedating all these purchases, I went to France with Catesby Woodford in the winter of 1908-1909, and while in France came into contact again with an old friend of mine, William Duke, who had achieved an outstanding success as a trainer in that country for William K. Vanderbilt. I also met another old friend, Fred Calhoun, who was the general factotum of Frank J. Gould's racing enterprises. Racing was at a low ebb in this country at the time and Messrs. Duke and Calhoun expressed a willingness to purchase for their patrons the best mares in the Castleton Stud of James R. Keene. I conducted the negotiations for the account of Mr. Vanderbilt. I purchased Court Dress, Early and Often, Maskette, Megg's Hill, Mosquito, Pone Joan and Stepping Stone, 7 beautifully bred mares, for \$60,000 for the account of Frank J. Gould. I purchased Biturica, Curiosity (whose daughter Wonder became the dam of John P. Grier), Fairy Slipper, Swiftfoot, and Diety, 5 in all for \$50,000. These mares did very well as producers in France: particularly Court Dress, Maskette, and Pope Joan."

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Glade Valley Farm

W. L. Brann's stallions, Pictor (by *Challenger II—Lady Legend, by Dark Legend) and Escadru (by *Challenger II—Escalade, *Sir Galahad III), will stand at his Glade Valley farm, near Frederick, Maryland for the 1950 season. Challenger, another son of *Challenger II, is there at present but is up for sale and in all probability will not be used at Glade Valley. It is hoped that these stallions, along with other illustrious sons of the deceased *Challenger II, such as Challedon, Challenge Me, and Vincentine, will be able to perpetuate the line this great sire established in this country.

You could see John Elkin's face light up with pride when he was asked to show us the yearlings. John takes care of the yearlings under manager Frank Lee, and to say that they are well taken care of is certainly an understatement. The Glade Valley yearlings are as big as 2-year-olds, without having that padded, fat look that some of the better conditioned sales yearlings have. There were three colts in particular, all by *Challenger II and out of good mares, that on looks alone, would be mighty hard to choose from. The fillies, although not quite as large as the colts, are well developed and one of them, out of Lady Legend, by *Challenger II, is the grandest looking filly I've seen in a long time. A yearling full sister to Gallorette has been sent to Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Brookmeade Farm in Upperville, Virginia, and a 4-year-old full sister, Gallita, is there at Glade Valley Farm.

There are 22 brood mares at Glade Valley; some of them were bred and raised on the farm, and this necessitates their going to outside horses, which is one of the reasons Mr. Brann sends so many of his mares to Kentucky.

All in all, Glade Valley Farm compares favorably with the best in Kentucky, and Manager Lee seems to know his pasture management as thoroughly as his horse breeding.

Exceptionally good use has been made of a silo that was at the end of a cow barn before the cow barn was converted to a stable—the silo is lined with wood on a two by four backing, for an air-space, and it now holds two carloads of oats (lacking ten bags) which flow down through a crisper before being fed to the horses.

Windmill Hill Farm

Peter Jay has a nice looking horse in his George Case, a son of *Quarter Bras II—Trace O'Fun, by Trace Call, which he hacks all around his Windmill Hill Farm, near Havre de Grace, Maryland, with a little boy on a pony as a companion. Peter had an urge to hunt George Case, his manners being so perfect, but Trudy, his wife, managed to convey the idea that it might not be so pleasant for the rest of the field should Peter come a cropper and leave the stallion on his own!

Besides being a good looking, nicely mannered horse, with a pedigree that will be attractive to many breeders, his stud fee is sufficiently low to be worth consideration by those who would like to get a quality hunter.

The Jays, like the majority of people starting out in the breeding business, found themselves with

mares that didn't have the requisites to become the best in the brood mare line, so they have disposed of most of them and are starting anew with mares of more quality. They have acquired two Gallant Fox mares that are winners and sisters to stakes winners in which they justifiably have a great deal of hope.

Country Life Farm

John P. Pons, newly elected president of the Maryland Horse Breeders' Association and manager of his family's Country Life Farm in Bel Air, Maryland, informs us that Saggy's book is filling rapidly. Breeders from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Virginia have bookings to him at this early date.

New stabling facilities have been completed at Country Life Farm with innovations in the partitioning between the box stalls. Instead of nailing the partitions up solidly to each side of the stall, the planking that makes the partition (two by eights, in this case), are set into grooves that are parallel on each side of the box and laid one on top of the other until the desired height is reached. One end of the two by eight has been beveled so that by lifting the opposite end, the planking comes out in a jiffy and makes a doubly large box stall for mares at foaling time. It works!

The stallions, Lochinvar, by Case Ace—Quivira, by Display, and Airflame, by Ariel—Flamante, by Flamboyant, will also make the 1950 season at Country Life Farm.

Sagamore Farm

A. G. Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farm in Glyndon, Maryland, has an enviable record for breeding good horses. The latest to earn a place in Sagamore's hall of fame is Bed O' Roses, the best 2-year-old filly of 1949. This tiny filly confirms the old adage that the best of them run in all sizes, shapes, and colors. Hardly 15 hands, with the perfect looks Mr. Powers is always hunting for, her late season form was sensational; she won the Selima, Marguerite, and Demoiselle Stakes in her last 3 starts, which added to previous victories in the Matron, National Stallion Stakes (filly division), Colleen Stakes, Rancocas Stakes, and 2 other races, plus 3 seconds and 2 thirds, made her the leading money-winning 2-year-old of either sex, with an accumulation of \$199,200. Only the fillies Top Flight and Bewitch ever earned as much money in their juvenile year.

Ralph Kercheval, manager of Sagamore, is also high on Next Move, a brown filly by Bull Lea—Now What. (Now What was the best filly of her year, 1939.) Next move finished 2nd to Bed O' Roses in the Demoiselle and was just finding herself. She should be a good one next season. Next Move has a dark brown yearling half brother that is equally as handsome.

There are 31 broodmares belonging to Sagamore: 6 Bahram mares in the group, and the rest of them by some of the most outstanding stallions in this country.

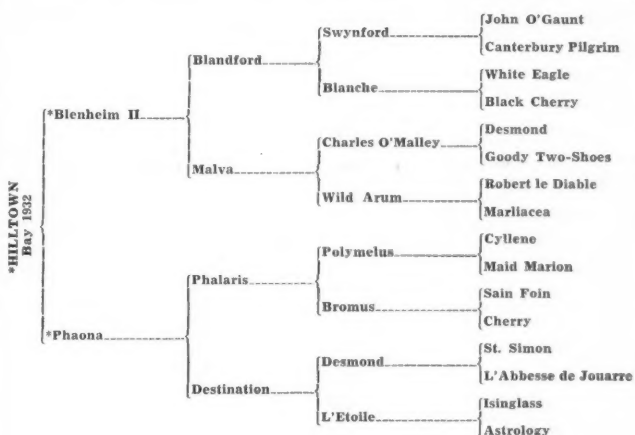
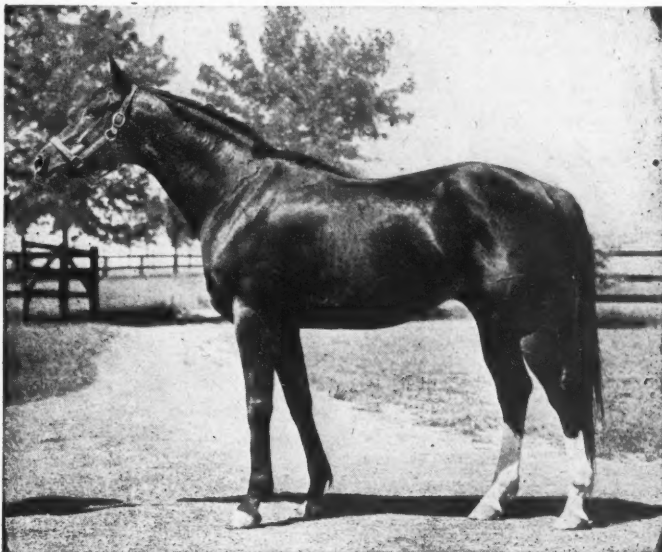
There are 15 foals of 1949 there at the farm. The Florida contingent for Spring racing consists of eight foals of 1948, nine of 1949, five of 1946, and two of 1945—making an even two dozen.

The stallions Discovery and his son, New World, will stand the 1950 season at Sagamore.

*HILLTOWN

(PROPERTY OF TANRACKIN FARM)

Winning Son of *Blenheim II Out of the Dam of *Easton



*HILLTOWN was lightly raced at three, winning two races, and in the money seven times out of eleven starts.

*HILLTOWN'S male line is that of *St. Germans, *Challenger II, *Mahmoud, Whirlaway, Silurian (3 times leading sire in Argentina), Donatello II (unbeaten Italian champion), etc.

Dam *PHAONA, produced *EASTON (stake winner and sire of stake winners), Dark Phaona, Sun Destiny and the producers Sunny Phalara, Alphaona and Valdina Phao.

*HILLTOWN'S 30 odd winners include the great stake horse and sire VALDINA ORPHAN (Derby Trial Stakes, Constitution Handicap, Dwyer Stakes, Natchitoches Handicap, Lecompte Handicap, Narragansett Governor's Handicap, etc., placed in Kentucky Derby, Classic Stakes, etc.)

*HILLTOWN has also sired the famous show ring winner PROMPT PAYMENT, Champion Hunter at the Upperville, Warrenton, Bryn Mawr, National Capitol, Lynchburg, Fairfield, etc. Horse Shows, and VALDINA SCAMP, winner of the 1949 Deep Run Hunt Cup, four miles over timber.

77% OF *HILLTOWN'S GET WHICH HAVE STARTED ARE WINERS

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William duPont Honored

New York Turf Writers Association
Chooses Well-Known Sportsman To
Receive Award As Outstanding Turfman

Neil Newman

The New York Turf Writers Association in their annual balloting for plaques to be awarded at their annual dinner at Saratoga in 1950, for the outstanding jockey, trainer, breeder, and the turfman who has had done the most for racing during the current year, voted as follows: outstanding jockey, Gordon Gllsson of South Carolina; outstanding trainer, John M. Gaver of Maryland; outstanding breeder, Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane of Virginia; outstanding turfman, William duPont of Delaware.

Indications are that these awards will meet with the unanimous approbation of the classes and the masses of racing.

It is high time that William duPont gained recognition for his diverse services to racing, breeding, and track construction in racing on the flat and through the field. "Foxcatcher Bill", as he is familiarly known in racing, not only operates a successful racing stable and the Walnut Hall Farm of 520 acres near Boyce, Clarke County, Virginia, but has worked indefatigably for the betterment of racing through the field. He established one of the finest, if not the finest steeplechase course in the country at Fair Hill, Maryland, where the Foxcatcher National Cup is contested for annually. He was one of the pioneers of racing in his native state, formulating the laws that govern the sport in Delaware; was one of the founders of Delaware Park and was instrumental in constructing the superior steeplechase course at that track. His engineers recently completed the new racing strip at Santa Anita, Arcadia, California, which was designed specifically to preclude the breaking down of horses racing over that course. He is one of the most influential and progressive members of the Jockey Club and the National Steeplechase and Hunts Association.

Withal Mr. duPont is modest almost to a fault and never seeks the limelight. However, any time one of his horses is entered in an important stake, he is on hand, pipe in mouth, to witness the result of the bearer of the light blue, gold fox front and back, of the Foxcatcher Farms, the nom de course under which he races.

Mr. duPont maintains a small but select racing stable and stud. It is doubtful if his stud at Walnut Hall harbors more than 15 mares at one time. Among his earlier stallions were Horron and Messenger (now retired), and he imported Tetram's full brother, The Satrap, when the latter was a 2-year-old. None of these 3 gained any marked success as sires, but several of the daughters of Messenger and *The Satrap gained recognition as broodmares.

My understanding is there are 5 stallions now standing at Walnut Hall: Rosemont, a son of The Porter—Garden Rose, by Collin, foaled April 18, 1932; Fairy Manhurst, a chestnut son of Man o'War—Star Fairy, by *The Satrap, foaled in 1940; Hampden, by *Heliopolis—Evening Shadow, by *Bull Dog, foaled in 1943; Fairymant, ch. 1938, by Man o'War—Star Fairy, by *The Satrap; and China Bull, b. 1947, by *Bull Dog—Fairy Chant, by Chance Shot. Mr. duPont bred Rosemont, Fairy Manhurst, Fairymant, and China Bull; and Hampden was purchased as a yearling from the Coldstream Stud for \$11,000.

Without having recourse to the records and relying mainly on memory I think the first outstanding horse raced by Mr. duPont was the bay filly Fair Star, by *Wrack—Etoile Filante, by Fair Play. She was bred by the late Mrs. Louise Viau and was purchased as a yearling at Saratoga by the late F. Wallis Armstrong for \$3,000. At the same venue Mr. Armstrong bought another bay filly by *Wrack—*Mousse des Bois, by Ajax which also cost \$3,000. I have been inform-

ed that one of these fillies was purchased for Mr. duPont, and when Mr. Armstrong suggested that Mr. duPont take his pick, he selected the Etoile Filante filly which gained renown under the name of Fair Star. Trained by Carlton Utz, at 2 she proved to be the best of her sex. In 15 starts she won 6 races, was 2nd in 4, 3rd in 3, unplaced in 2, earning \$88,960; among her victories were the inaugural running of the Selima Stakes and the Pimlico Futurity. Retired to the stud as one of Mr. duPont's foundation mares, her daughters proved to be first class producers. Her daughter Star Fairy by *The Satrap was the dam of Fairy Hill, by Messenger, winner of \$51,700 including the Santa Anita Derby; also of Fairy Chant, by Chance Shot, winner of 10 races including the Santa Margarita and Beldame Handicaps (twice) and \$81,985; her daughter Star Galla on being bred to Jamestown produced the mare Galtown, whose daughter Gaffery has won in excess of \$100,000 including the Schuylerville and Selima Stakes at 2 and the Ladies Handicap this year at 3.

Rosemont was unquestionably the best horse to race in the silks of the Foxcatcher Farm. His dam, with Rosemont in utero, was purchased at the dispersal sale of the E. B. McLean Stud in June, 1931, for \$4,300; the mare was purchased in the name of Preston M. Burch, then trainer for Mr. duPont. Rosemont was a stake winner every year he raced, in 23 starts he won 7 races, was 2nd in 6, 3rd in 3, earning \$168,750. At 2 he won the Eastern Shore Stakes beating Nellie Flag and Pat Eye; at 3 he whipped Omaha in the Withers Stakes; at 4 he defeated Discovery in the Narragansett Stakes and at 5 he won the San Antonio and Santa Anita Handicaps. His stud opportunities have been decidedly limited but he is assured of a full book for 1950 for the reason that his daughter, A. G. Vanderbilt's Bed o'Roses, was far and away the best 2-year-old filly racing in 1949. In December 1932 Mr. duPont had a sale, and Garden Rose and her weanling colt, later named Rosemont, were sent into the ring but were bid in by J. W. McComb on behalf of Mr. duPont. Garden Rose for \$3,600 and the weanling colt for \$1,900.

Carlton Utz was succeeded by Preston M. Burch as Trainer for Mr. duPont, and White Clover, trained by him, won the Suburban Handicap and the Riggs Handicap in 1932. After Preston Burch resigned to take over the horses of the Howe Stable and Harry La Montagne (prior to his engagement by Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane) the Foxcatcher horses were trained by Richard Handlen and there is no more competent or well-liked trainer in the profession.

Mr. duPont has been singularly successful with fillies; in addition to those named, he also bred, owned and raced Gold Seeker, a brown filly by Messenger—Golden Fair, by *Wrack, winner of the Chesapeake and Gazelle Stakes in 1936.

Like Walter M. Jeffords, Mr. duPont is a firm believer in inbreeding to that great producer *Fairy Gold, and like Mr. Jeffords his efforts along these lines have been markedly successful.

Possibly the best steeplechaser bred and raced by Mr. duPont was Ruler, a bay gelding foaled in 1924 by Horron—Rural, by Moharib, far from fashionable breeding. He was trained by Carlton Utz and was a first class horse for about 2 miles, winning the Brook Steeplechase Handicap in consecutive years, 1929 and 1930. Then it runs in my mind that Mr. duPont had a most promising steeplechaser named Route One, trained by Dallet Byers. I seem to recall his winning one stake and then meeting with an accident that necessitated his destruction.

William duPont has been one of

Cowpunching In Cheshire Country

A Day With the Cow Outfit of King Ranch
Is More Fun Than Baseball Everyday
But Is No Rootin', Tootin' Episode

Jane S. McIlvaine

(Editor's note: This is an article written by Jane S. McIlvaine and reprinted from The Archive, Downingtown, Pa. Mrs. McIlvaine is co-editor of The Archive with her husband Robinson McIlvaine.)

I agree with Helenita Kleberg that cutting cattle is more fun than "baseball every day". An Easterner by birth and a greenhorn by inclination, I had an idea that "moving herd" consisted of startling the steers with imitations of the rootin', tootin', and hollerin' which exudes from the screen at the Roosevelt on Saturday afternoons, and that chaps were in all probability a pair of nice cowboys with sombreros. But, after a day with the King Ranch cow outfit, I discovered that my preconceived notions were as erroneous as a third rate Western. These men ride herd on the 4000 Santa Gertrudis steers which roam 10,500 acres in the heart of Mr. W. Plunket Stewart's Cheshire hunting country. Cutting cattle, I found, is a highly perfected art requiring skill, horsemanship and a well schooled Quarter-horse. There is nothing "Hollywood" about it. The excitement comes from achieving a smoothly executed operation, not from "Ylplies" and frantic galloping.

To the men whose day begins at 6 a. m. or earlier the job is perhaps not so much fun as sheer, saddle-weary work. They have to check up on the herds in the fields marked off by red ink on the huge aerial photograph in manager Burnett H. Wilson's office, and when Robert Justice Kleberg, Jr., The Boss or Mister Bob as he is admirably called by the hands, is in residence at the newly-done-over house at Buck and Doe, the workday may last far into the evening. Mister Bob can outride and outlast most of his men. Lean-faced he has the direct eyes of a man who has spent his life in uncluttered open spaces. With the brim of his near-white Stetson hat upswep in King Ranch fashion, he thinks nothing of moving cattle and cutting singles until noon, then flying to Belmont Park to see some of his horses race that afternoon. Returning in time for dinner, he rounds out what is, for him, a normal day. But, instead of a quiet evening at home, the family may have any number of callers who simply ring the doorbell and inquire, "Where are the cowboys?"

"What do I do?" I asked Collin (Skipper) Lofting as I climbed aboard a snow-white albino named Magnesia whose only ambition just then appeared to be to eat as much of the vitamin-rich grass as possible.

"Just keep quiet and make sure that you don't let a steer back into the herd after its been cut out. That's the one unpardonable sin," replied Skipper, who is "segunda" (second bossman) to manager Wilson.

Finally, equipped with chaps (they're not for looks, but protection in case you get rammed!), long roweled spurs (horses trained with them are inclined towards sluggishness), and sitting deep in one of the specially made, hand-tooled Western saddles (which are made to fit individual vaqueros at the Ranch and weigh fifty pounds and over), I set out with the cow outfit answering to the newly acquired handle of Mackle Head. Besides Skipper and Burnett Wilson, there were Walter Linnenbaugh, a former crane operator turned cowboy who grew up on a farm in the vicinity; Charles Case, Jr., James Smith, formerly a Maryland farmer; Thomas Blackburn,

the staunchest friends of racing and breeding for the past quarter of a century and his legion of friends will rejoice over this somewhat tardy recognition of his untiring support, unceasing energy, in all that is best for racing.

and Ted Ellingsworth; as the Texas Ranch cowhands only speak Spanish Mr. Kleberg decided to recruit local men when he shipped the cattle East.

Mrs. Colin Lofting, Mrs. James R. Kerr, Jr., and Mrs. John B. Han-num, III are other local additions to the cow outfit. The "segunda's" wife, Ida, who spent several years on a Montana ranch, is almost as proficient as her husband. On her hunter, Grey Light, she can "cut singles" with the best of the hands. Helenita Kleberg, the bossman's blonde daughter, is, however, the most expert of the cowgirls and is a regular with the outfit when here.

At Buck and Doe Mister Bob and Allen join us. Allen (pronounced Alon) is Mister Bob's right hand man and is the only Texas vaquero. Mister Bob was mounted on Pico, bay son of Tino sired by Old Sorrell, the founding father of the now famous King Ranch Quarter-horse breed. The afternoon's job was to cut 43 steers out of the herd in the field adjacent to the house off route 82.

Mister Bob, who does the "cutting", rode into the center of the milling mass of red-bronze Santa Gertrudis steers. We, the hands, were told to hold the herd. Spaced a few yards apart, we stationed ourselves in a circle around the milling mass.

Suddenly, effortlessly, after Mister Bob had made up his mind about a steakworthy steer, Pico made his move. The steer shot out of the herd. Precision-quick, he was shunted to a far corner of the field where one of the cowhands "held" him.

Another came out, then another. The operation continued with assembly-line precision and quietness. As more and more steers swelled the second herd in the corner of the field, a crowd gathered beside the road to watch. Once three steers ran out, all going in different directions. At times like this it's hard to know which one is to be "cut" or if all three are to be "cut"! And Mister Bob is apt to speak instructions in Spanish which baffles all except Allen.

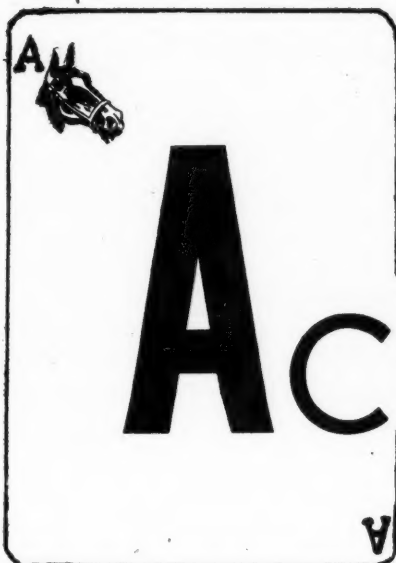
Magnesia, totally unconcerned was busily munching the grass (on which the steers fatten at the rate of about 2 lbs. a day) when my big moment came. A steer catapulted out directly at us. I had been told to move only with the herd and to stand firm no matter what. The steer continued on a dead run out into the middle of the field. Like any well-schooled Quarter-horse, Magnesia was ready. Taking off like puffed wheat hot from a gun, she wigwagged out after the steer, turned on the proverbial dime, and turned it. As he trotted off to join his cohorts destined for slaughter, Magnesia stopped dead. Down went her head for more grass!

But the most exciting part of the afternoon took place when Mister Bob and Pico went after a steer. Nothing at Madison Square Garden could top the training, the timing, and the perfection of that performance!

When the correct number had been singled out the oxen, trained as decoys to lead the herd through narrow places and to quiet them, were brought up. Slowly the move began cross-country to the field adjacent to the shipping pens where the next morning the steers were to be shipped to Armour's and Swift's slaughterhouses.



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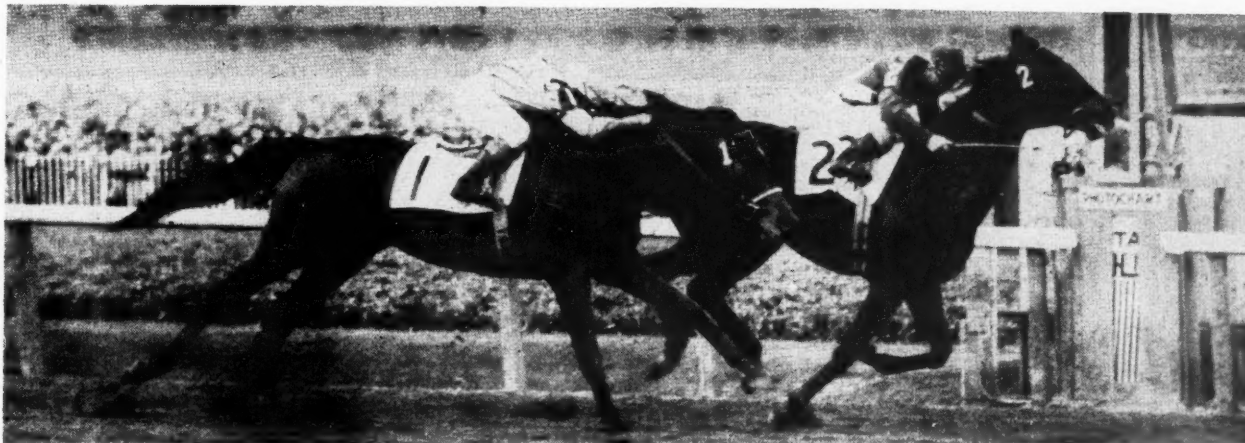
ACE ADMIRAL

ACE ADMIRAL'S sire line is the most sought after in the world. He comes from a successful stakes-producing female line.

ACE ADMIRAL.....

*Heliopolis.....	Hyperion.....	Gainsborough Selene
	Drift.....	Swynford Santa Cruz
War Flower.....	Man o'War.....	Fair Play Mahubah
	Crotala.....	Black Toney *Herodias

First Son Of *Heliopolis To Enter Stud In America



ACE ADMIRAL WINNING THE MATURITY AT SANTA ANITA

ACE ADMIRAL earned a place of honor beside the nation's best performers in winning such races as the Travers Stakes (by 10 lengths), Lawrence Realization, (from Noble Hero, Shy Guy, Vulcan's Forge, Free America), the \$100,000 SANTA ANITA MATURITY, Sunset, Argonaut and Inglewood Handicaps. ACE ADMIRAL proved himself a "true Man-O-War" by being the first horse to break Man o'War's world's record (held jointly by Historian), for 1 1/4 miles. In addition to his number of notable firsts, ACE ADMIRAL was placed in 5 stakes, including 2nd in the \$100,000 Hollywood Gold Cup in which he pushed the winner to a track record equalling performance, and 3rd in Citation's Pimlico Futurity. In 3 seasons of campaigning, ACE ADMIRAL'S total earnings amounted to \$270,815.

ACE ADMIRAL is a son of *Heliopolis, the top ranking American stallion and the first successful English-raced son of Hyperion to enter stud in this country. To the potent sire blood of *Heliopolis and Hyperion (many-time leading English sire), ACE ADMIRAL brings the successful producing blood of War Flower, a daughter of Man o'War, an all-time great sire of leading racers and producers. War Flower's other two colts are the winners Lancaster and Feudal King. Crotala, in addition to the good winners Boat Man and Pinnacle, also has produced Boat, the dam of the stakes winners Rampart and Noble Hero.

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IRON WORKS PIKE

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Westmoreland Hunt Point-to-Point

Owner-rider Sherwood Martin On Blue Mount Wins Open Race; Miss Evelyn Thompson On Her Mr. Smirk Takes the Ladies' Race

Elizabeth Eireman

Westmoreland Hunt of Greensburg, Pa., played host on Dec. 3 to the neighboring hunts of Western Pennsylvania. The point-to-point races, highlight of the day, were preceded by a joint meet and followed by a Hunt Ball. Hounds left the kennels at 9:00, and the shivering field settled down for the short hack to bothwell's farm. There, hounds picked up the line in the woods below the house and fairly flew. A layer of snow on top of already soaked ground made the going deep and sloppy, but we had to move along as the pack swung down into Taylors' property, over a board fence and a steep uphill gallop to jump into Martins' pasture. The field had strung out somewhat, and there was a better chance of ducking snowballs. The 2nd run was slower, but the galloping and fences better. Horses had lost their 1st keen edge, and a few hot-blooded riders unbuttoned their coats. We moved across open fields and then through a patch of woodland, over well-built fences which, although not big, had very little give in the top board. The last two runs swung back towards home and everyone agreed that it had been a morning of good sport behind a keen pack of hounds.

Five horses were entered in the men's open race, but Mrs. Simon T. Patterson's Mike and rider Danny Lenahan were snowbound in Altoona, and Miss Evelyn Thompson's Ecneec was a late scratch, so that only 3 entries went to the post. Westmoreland's Joint-M. F. H. Sherwood Martin was on his Blue Mount, winner of the open race at Sewickley; Earl Phelps had the ride on Mrs. Thoburn Smith's Orphan Abey, and Mrs. Alan Scaife's Satanic was ridden by Mr. Grover Stephens. Blue Mount lead over the 1st fence, followed closely by Orphan Abey with Satanic off the pace. They jumped the 2nd fence onto the dirt road, swung left over an aiken into the woods, and Orphan Abey, a bit rank and jumping badly, moved in front of the grey. Satanic was well-rated and jumping easily. They were lost to sight for a few minutes, and when they reappeared out of the woods over the same aiken, Orphan Abey still had a 2 length lead over Blue Mount. Satanic had closed up some of the distance. Over the downhill board fence, Blue Mount jumped with Orphan Abey which twisted badly, and the grey assumed the lead. As they crossed the narrow bog Satanic had moved into 2nd place with Blue Mount running easily in front. Faced with an uphill gallop, Orphan Abey seemed to lose interest and dropped back. Satanic and Blue Mount rolled into the last fence neck and neck and when they landed, the grey allowed Satanic a length lead for only a stride, then passed him and had the finish to himself by 6 lengths. Orphan Abey was pulled up at the 3-4 mark. Both

Blue Mount and Satanic were tired horses, and when one considers that the grey had set a fast pace for better than half of the 5 mile course over deep, rough going to finish in 11.57, he ran a race in any man's book.

Six entries went postward in the ladies' race: Miss Elizabeth McNary on her Red Hazard; Miss Evelyn Thompson on her Mr. Smirk; George Chubb's Dixie Way, ridden by Mrs. Samuel Off; Rock Tea, ridden by his owner, Mrs. Ralph Taylor; Miss Roberta Martin's owner-ridden Our Chance; and Jim Fuller's Ebony with Mrs. Susan Walker up. Usually the girls play a game of "after you, Alphonse", but this time Miss Thompson very deliberately sent Mr. Smirk out in front, and just as deliberately Red Hazard, Our Chance, Rock Tea, Dixie Way, and Ebony swung in behind him. Mr. Smirk set a good hunting pace; all the horses jumped well, and the order was unvaried except for a brief interlude when Miss Thompson and Miss McNary cut a flag. They quickly corrected their mistake, however, regained their original positions, and



THE LADIES RACE, Mr. Smirk (No. 2) Miss Evelyn Thompson up, Red Hazard, Miss Elizabeth McNary up, and Dixie Way, Mrs. Samuel Off up. (Darling Photo)

ride on Miss Roberta Martin's *Grey Fox. Mr. Silvis Fink rode his nice hunting mare, Madame Queen; and Mr. Jim Fuller was up on a bay 6-year-old, Sir Prince. The heavyweight division was made up of Mr. Mark Thompson on E. C. Bothwell's big-jumping mare, Elena; Mr. John Wahlgren on his Pom Pom, and Mr. Vincent Darby on his converted Walking horse, Roy Sibel. The field of 6 broke fast with Pom Pom on top followed by Roy Sibel, Elena, Madame Queen, Grey Fox and Sir Prince. Roy Sibel assumed the lead over the 3rd jump with the others closely bunched. Pom Pom was

father's Honest John; Mr. Raymond Beach rode J. W. Beach's Silver Pick, and Mr. Ralph Taylor's Khuy-mazon was owner-ridden. Honest John flew into a 2 length lead, and his lack of weight in the ankle-deep going for slightly over a mile was a great advantage. He led all the way and withstood a strong bid from Silver Pick to win handily. Khuy-mazon carrying 160 lbs. was a tired 3rd.

The Hunt Ball that evening was well attended, and everyone seemed to be putting the finishing touches on a wonderful day. Our thanks and appreciation go to the members of Sewickley, Chestnut Ridge, Rolling Rock, and Hart's Run who came with or without horses to support our program.

SUMMARIES

Men's open race, 5 ml. flagged hunting country. Open to any horse or rider. Winner: gr. g. (10), by Sir Herbert Barker—Grey Fanny. Breeder: Miss Fanny McLane. Time: 11.57.

1. Blue Mount, (Sherwood C. Martin), Mr. Sherwood C. Martin.
2. Satanic, (Mrs. Alan M. Scaife), Mr. Grover Stephens.

Also ran: Mrs. Thoburn Smith's Orphan Abey, Earl Phelps, pulled up. Scratched: Mrs. Simon T. Patterson's Mike; Miss Evelyn Thompson's Ecneec.

Ladies' race, 5 ml. flagged hunting country. Winner: br. g. (7), by Nymph King—Miss Towsie. Breeder: Miss Evelyn Thompson. Time: 14.03.

1. Mr. Smirk, (Evelyn Thompson), Evelyn Thompson.
2. Red Hazard, (Elizabeth McNary), Elizabeth McNary.
3. Our Chance, (Roberta Martin), Roberta Martin.

Also ran: Mrs. Ralph Taylor's Rock Tea, Mrs. Ralph Taylor; George H. Chubb's Dixie Way, Mrs. Samuel Off; James Fuller's Ebony, Mrs. Susan Walker, pulled up.

Men's race, two divisions, catchweights and heavyweights, with trophy to 1st heavyweight to finish. Winners: catchweight division, gr. g. (8), breeding unknown; heavyweight division, b. m. (9), by *Golden Pine II—Nioble. Breeder: Westmoreland Farms. Time: 15.12.

1. *Grey Fox, (Miss Roberta Martin), Mr. Ralph Taylor.
2. Madame Queen, (Silvis Fink), Mr. Silvis Fink.
3. Elena, winner of heavyweight division, E. C. Bothwell, Mr. Mark Thompson.

Also ran: John Wahlgren's Pom Pom, Mr. John Wahlgren; Vincent Darby's Roy Sibel, Mr. Vincent Darby; Justa-Mere Farm's Sir Prince, Mr. J. W. Fuller.

Open flat race, abt. 1 ml. at catchweights. Winner: ch. g. (7), breeding unknown. Time: 2.11.

1. Honest John, (Cremons Farms), Mr. Tommy Ruffner.
2. Silver Pick, (J. W. Beach), Mr. Raymond Beach.
3. Khuy-mazon, (Ralph Taylor), Mr. Ralph Taylor.



*GREY FOX, owned by Roberta Martin, Ralph Taylor up, leads Roy Sibel, with his owner Vincent Darby up, in the men's race, which was won by *Grey Fox. (Darling Photo)

the spectators were none the wiser. As they came into the last fence toward the finish, Mr. Smirk and Red Hazard opened up a considerable lead over the rest of the field. They battled it out for several strides, and then Mr. Smirk drew ahead. Red Hazard was unable to catch the speedy brown gelding, and Miss Thompson won by 4 lengths. Our Chance, Miss Martin's honest old hunter, was 3rd.

The men's race, divided into heavyweights and catchweights was run as one event with a piece of silver to the 1st heavyweight to finish. In the catchweight division Mr. Ralph Taylor had the winning

again in front over the downhill board fence, but he cut a flag and lost the lead to Roy Sibel with Elena a length behind. Grey Fox moved into 2nd place, followed by Madame Queen and Sir Prince. Coming into the last fence Grey Fox was by himself and running easily. He crossed the finish 11 lengths on top. Madame Queen turned on a drive to beat Elena by 1 1-2 lengths. Elena, in turn, was 15 lengths ahead of the next heavyweight.

It was cold and gray as 3 horses faced the starter's flag in the flat race at catchweights. Pint-sized Tommy Ruffner (riding at 110 lbs. with tack) had the leg up on his



MR. MARK THOMPSON (left) holding Elena, heavyweight winner and Mr. Ralph Taylor with *Grey Fox catchweight winner, receiving trophy from W. C. Robinson, Jr., Joint-M. F. H. of Sewickley Hunt. (Darling Photo)



MISS MARGARET COULTER presents the trophy to Joint-M. F. H. Sherwood C. Martin of Westmoreland Hunt, who rode his Blue Mount to win the men's open race. (Darling Photo)

ARAPAHOE HUNT

Route 1, Box 62,
Littleton,
Colorado.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.



What a month! November in Colorado has been as balmy as May and with scarcely a trace of precipitation. It's been a far cry from English scenting conditions, but the hunting has been wonderful with heat and drought taken in their stride by our English hounds. Huntsman George Beeman lays our good runs to the fact that the coyotes haven't had a bath for so long they are getting pretty strong, but whatever the answer the Arapahoe has not suffered from poor runs.

The mellow weather has been partly responsible for some of the largest Fields we have ever had, and on November 13 the stableyard looked more like a circus grounds than a hunt meet, with 41 people mounted and at least as many more on hand to watch from cars. Laney Phipps and Marguerite Beeman and their aides have had their hands full keeping order among the hilltoppers but they have been well rewarded with fine views of coyotes and hounds, and this hot fall day was no exception. George drew behind the kennels and the large Field fought its way through the narrow paths between the scrub oak and out into the open. A tally-ho on top the Anticline momentarily thinned the front ranks as horses and riders struggled up the slope and immediately came down the west side in full view of the hilltoppers. The coyote ran through the scrub oak to the Headquarters road and turned south toward the watching crowd. Hounds opened up in sheltered valleys but were unable to hold the line over the crests of the hills and though they worked hard, eventually lost altogether. A second coyote in the lower Tower gave us a short good run into the South Ranch as far as the Rocks.

The 17th was unaccountably blank with nary a trace of a coyote even in never failing Bowen's 40, but on the 20th we had a good day. A tally-ho in the Hole and a ruffian from the Buffalo pasture country had the Field playing follow-the-leader in single file for a rugged 20 minutes before he reached home. George then cast hounds across Wildcat Road into the East Ranch and though it looked like open country we had casualties to the right and left with Ann Dines, Col. Lawrence Lincoln, and Joe Kretshmer all signing the Register. Our second coyote of the morning was found south of Wildcat Mountain and we had about 15 minutes in a large circle before hounds were called in.

On Thanksgiving Day the coyotes were again hanging about the rocky Anticline and as we came over the top of the hill to the call of the horn we rode into a strong wind that had everyone grabbing for hats and loose gear. The coyote fortunately ran up wind and hounds had a breast high scent that carried them north on to the prairies. It was very fast all the way—out of the Tower, into the Purebred Pasture, through it and into Section 13 where hounds turned back and we still came at a good clip along the creek bed. They were called in the Purebred Pasture—horses, hounds and riders steaming and puffing.

On the 27th we had another big week-end Field. Another coyote in the Hole had hounds working very fast up and down into the Hole and around. Just when everyone thought the coyote would never go straight and they couldn't put their poor horses around that loop again, the coyote lit out for the north country. We had a grand straight run that made us forget how unpleasant it had been earlier. It was a fast 40 minutes.

So far December's weather has maintained the high standard set by the preceding month. The 1st was another warm dry day, and we spent 20 minutes in the Tower after a coyote which must have gotten his bath in the lake. Janet Wood bought herself a piece of ground that broke her ankle, but having a doctor husband in the Field she was soon taken care of. We continued toward the Anticline and suddenly were surrounded by coyotes—they were literally sinking off in every direction.

GOLDENS BRIDGE HOUNDS

Rock Ridge Farm,
North Salem, N. Y.
P. O. R. F. D. Brewster,
New York.
Established 1924.
Recognized 1925.



Monday, November 21:

We met at Grant's Corners and saw many deer but hounds didn't bother them. As we were about to cross Hardscrabble Road we heard old Jeff, a wonderful Penn-Marydel hound, open up on a wooded knoll to our right. We put the pack on the line and had a good run over almost open country. This fox proved to be quite a road and wall runner.

The only real loss hounds made was when this sly old red ran right through Charlie Wallace's dairy cows near the barn. But hounds were cast in the next field and picked up the line. We marked on a hillside on Windswept Farm. This earth was quite shallow and hounds almost dug him out. They raised a terrific cry at this earth; you would have thought you had 40 coon hounds barking "treed". The country was very dry, but it was an interesting morning for a lover of good hound work.

Thursday, November 24—Thanksgiving Day:

A very large Field turned out at Dongle Ridge at 9:00 a. m., and hounds found soon after moving off. They ran through Spring Valley, but near Arigideen, a deer ran right in front of them, so we had to stop them. We then worked back toward 8-Bells and found a fox in Mr. Lee's farm.

Deer seemed to be everywhere. However, 6 couple got away on a fox, but by the time we could pick up the main pack the fox must have dropped in an earth, because the hounds that had been running came back to us from a pine wood on 8-Bells. It was very windy and dry, since the wind had blown very hard for 48 hours. One of our poorest days this season.

Saturday, November 26:

We met at Rock Ridge Farm, the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Parish, Sr., and drew the country toward Salem Center. As we entered William Meldrum's meadow, hounds went away fast—but as it turned out they were running heel and came to a

Hounds took the favorite north running one and for 35 minutes they ran without a check over endless prairies and were coming back on the west side when George called them in. We could see the coyote a hill or two ahead of us—in the rays of the setting sun, a black streak in the yellow grass.

December 4 we had been out only a few minutes when hounds found just in back of the kennels. Deer appeared almost simultaneously, and we lost our coyote. Marvin Beeman who was whipping on the left flank came riding by just in time to see the coyote pop out of a hole after the disappearing Field, and hounds were put on. They worked with little luck through the woods into the Hole when the wily coyote was viewed again. This time he lost little time in getting out of the way, and setting his course through the Hole straight for the Buffalo fence, ran upwind with hounds crying up and down the valleys behind him. The Field was pretty well strung out but desperately trying to keep up through that rough country where hounds can be lost in a second. On coming to the Buffalo fence, the coyote swerved south through more open country and at the far south end of the fence got through his hole and was lost to us.

One of the most pleasant sights out hunting these days is the number of families who are bringing their young children out. They are well mounted and well turned out and it is remarkable how well they ride. Master Phipps' three grandsons Chan Young, John Riley, and John Keene have been out; Huntsman Beeman's daughter Barbara has been a regular the past 2 years; Pat Meyer comes up with the Sincelaires; Helen Callicutt and Ted Wilson come from Colorado Springs with their fathers who hunt regularly. In order to encourage them and to bring out more young entry, the Arapahoe is holding junior hunts each Saturday morning, and a good number of youngsters are getting their first taste of a grand sport.

stop on a big rock in Cowles' woodland.

As we had previously drawn south of this spot, we drew back north and jumped our fox in a little wooded knoll along Hardscrabble Road. Hounds ran fast to the south, keeping Cowles' pond to their right; went on through Battery Woods; through Salem Center between the Post Office and Mr. Ponzini's; and crossed the Titicus River to Quaker Road where they lost for a short time.

We were able to help hounds because the frozen dirt had softened enough for Mr. Fox to leave a faint foot print. He left the road and ran over Hart Purdy's to Turkey Hill Road where he ran for some distance turning right. On he went, over Woolworth's and on to the Reservoir, where hounds lost along the edge of the Reservoir and we decided to pick up and work back towards Peach Lake.

We found Reynard, The Second, in Ryder's farm and after a few short circles marked him to ground in the woodland on Bloomer's property. We viewed 4 deer standing watching us on Starr Ridge Farm. We hacked hounds right past the deer and they never bothered with them.

We found our old reliable fox in Wayne Huson's swamp at 1:30 and ran all over the countryside, enjoying some very good hound work. However, scent kept getting better and as hounds came up to Field's Lane at 4:00 p. m., 2½ hours after we had started this fox, we called off and got home just at dark. At one time, as hounds came out of the swamp running a fox, 3 deer emerged running in the same direction. The hounds paid no attention to them. A very good day. The Hunt Ball was the following night.

Monday, November 28:

Hounds met at Arigideen Farm, the home of the Dan McKeons, with about 1½ inches of snow covering the ground. Although the ground was frozen, the snow was soft, the kind that balls badly in a horse's hoof. Only a few turned out because we had had no warning of the change in weather and all the horses were smooth shod. We had seen many fox tracks as we hacked to the meet, as well as a place where many deer had bedded down in Mr. Murdock's orchard, at the state line between New York and Connecticut. All the deer tracks crossed the road leading to Spring Valley so we avoided drawing toward it.

We drew all coverts blank on Arigideen and then drew toward Merry's wood where we heard Batchelor, one of our very best, drumming on an old line that contained a bit of scent. All at once his voice got more blatant.

We galloped the pack over to him and they went off in full cry, running north through Merry's wood over into the Ridgebury section of Connecticut. After about 45 minutes of galloping and skidding, we marked our fox to ground in an old den in the woodland on Dr. DuBois' property. This was the only fox we found out, and while we drew many coverts, we failed to get another run.

Thursday, December 1:

Hounds met at Windswept Farm, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Bondy. It was a mild day for December, with a very light, tricky wind blowing. We moved east over Battery Farm and drew all the coverts around Rock Ridge blank, so we cast in the south end of Wallace's swamp. A big red broke out and doubled back to the south.

Hounds fairly flew and ran parallel to Delancey Road to the Titicus Reservoir, then ran with a breast high scent to near Titicus Reservoir woods and Rock Ridge. By the time we caught up with this flying pack, they were marking their fox to ground in an earth under a cordwood pile on Charles Wallace's farm.

Our next fox, our old favorite, was found in Wayne Huson's Red Shield Farm and hounds went away with great cry to the north, over the Tompkins farm and Hunting House Hill section.

By this time the wind had gained a velocity which made it quite hard for hounds in the rear to hear the lead hounds. Boss and 3 couple got out in front close to the fox. They ran fast back to the starting point along Hardscrabble Road and on to a ledge on the Lobdell land where the pack caught up with the lead hounds. Reynard had gone to ground in a

BRIDLESPUR HUNT CLUB

Huntleigh Village,
St. Louis County,
Missouri.
Established 1927.
Recognized 1929.



On the first weekend in November the Bridlespur Hunt staged another very successful 2-day affair in the beautiful rolling grass country near Mexico, Missouri. Mexico, a country seat of 10,000 population located in north central Missouri, with its history and tradition of fine horses, having been the birth place of the immortal Rex McDonald, the greatest saddle horse of all time, and the home of many other "greats" in the horse show world, both equine and human, opened up its arms in true southern hospitality and took in some 120 visiting fox hunters and their families and friends for 2 days of solid enjoyment. The famous old Hamilton sale barn was borrowed for the week-end and provided ample facilities to house 70 visiting horses, 55 from St. Louis and 15 from Kansas City. This was a repeat of the successful week-end venture of last year.

Joint-Masters, Adolph B. Orthwein and Dr. Louis F. Aitken, invited Walter G. Staley, a Bridlespur member who resides in Mexico, to act as Master for the 2 hunts on Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning. They assisted by alternating as Field-Masters. The Bridlespur hounds, augmented by a few local hounds, were ably handled by Henry Rhode, professional huntsman. Honorary whippers-in were James Orthwein and Andrew Shinkle.

Saturday was one of those days you dream about—clear, cool, and still—which with good conditions underfoot made it ideal for the purpose at hand. However, the large field and larger gallery following by car were beginning to wonder if Mexico had any foxes when, after an hour of drawing perfect coverts, hounds had not even spoken on a cold line. But patience was suddenly and amply rewarded when 2 foxes were aroused from their sleeta simultaneously. After a short period of uncertainty hounds fortunately settled on the straight running one which gave that big Field 40 minutes of the fastest riding anyone could desire; it was truly a "thundering herd". Our pilot took us clear out of the panelled country and managed to lose hounds in the maze of a big, wooded creek bottom while the staff and Field were detouring around by country roads.

Hounds were lifted and moved back into panelled country for another try. Soon they were in full cry on the line of another fox which attempted to elude his followers by crossing over a mountainous waste clay dump. The Field was awarded with a most interesting exhibition of hound work as they saw hounds carry the line up an almost vertical bank about 40 feet high. We had another 30 or 40 minutes of excitement as hounds worked that line until it grew dark and the Master decided to save hounds and horses for the next day.

The glorious afternoon was topped off by a hunt tea at Skybourne, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Continued on Page 20

rocky ledge.

Saturday, December 3:

We met at Starr Ridge Farm. About 2½ inches of snow covered the ground but quite a good Field turned out. We hacked down Starr Ridge Road and cast in the back part of Royal Richard's farm. Within 5 minutes after moving off, hounds winded a fox, ran east through the Miller pine woods and crossed the dirt road toward the outlet of Peach Lake. After running to Peach Lake Road, he doubled back. Hounds were driving hard and marked their fox to ground in an old earth on the Ryder farm.

We picked up an old snow track with a bit of scent in it and worked south towards Bloomerside woods. Here we routed another red and ran very fast to the hillside below Ted Miller's house where our pilot sought cover. During this run two deer loped out in front of the pack, but not one hound went off on the line of the deer. A very good morning for snow hunting.—O. H.

SHOWING

Texas Champion Hunter At 2nd Annual Gray Horse Farm Show

After a full week of apprehension as to whether Jupiter Pluvius would hold off or deluge the place, the second annual Gray Horse Farm Hunter and Jumper Show came off in fine style at Burton, Texas. Over fifty horses again came to the show and filled the newly erected stalls to capacity. Up until the day of the show the ground was muddy and treacherous in places, but the sun shone brightly on Sunday and the footing turned out to be ideal.

The hunter courses at this show are long and difficult. Utilizing the immense arroyo that runs through the middle of the course to the fullest advantage with four distinct crossings marked through it, it is a true test for both horse and rider. The hunter division this year was a bit spotty. Many of the horses would turn in a good round and then follow it with a not so good one. Texas, a smooth, consistent chestnut, owned by Rudy Mann of Austin and ridden by Virginia Lockett of Houston, was the most consistent horse of the day and won the tri-color in a decisive manner. This horse improves at each show. He will be a constant threat from now on. Last year's champion, Soldier Creek, owned by Mrs. V. G. Olmsmith of San Antonio and ridden by Benita Wiederman of the same city, wound up reserve. Perhaps the most interesting hunter class of the show was the working hunter. After the horses had performed individually, the judge, Col. F. de L. Comfort, asked that all exhibitors take a certain section of the course in a group simulating an actual run as nearly as possible. He said he had an idea that some of the horses would pull considerably in a crowd. It was an interesting twist and showed up just what it was intended to. The winner in this class was Tally-Ho, which is one of the state's top open horses and which had not shown in a hunter class in many years. Negotiating the whole course on a loose rein, this dependable gray seemed to take to it as though he had never been shown as an open jumper.

The jumper division was really quite good. All classes had at least fifteen entries and all were hotly contested. As in last years show, these classes were judged by F. E. L. rules. The courses were all very tough but many splendid rounds were turned in. In the Gray Horse Farm Challenge Cup class, Rex, owned by Mary Fleming of Houston and ridden by Manuel Grayson, topped the field. This course included jumps both in and outside the ring. The whole division was closely contested and though we do not wish to take any credit away from the eventual champion, Tally-Ho, it must be mentioned that had not Victor's rider lost the course in the last class, the standings would have been just the reverse. As it came out, Victor, owned by the Parish Stables of Houston and ridden by Joan Lander, was reserve and Tally-Ho, owned and ridden by Whitney Donaldson, of the Gray Horse Farm, champion by one point.

The equitation class was held in a new manner for these parts. Each child was required to show individually in the ring executing a prescribed routine and though there were none who could do the routine in it's entirety properly, it showed the individual abilities of the riders to much better advantage than classes where all show together. A few more classes of this type should really improve the equitation of the youngsters showing today. Terry Cocke of Austin was the winner of this class this year. And to Judy Mann, who was second, went the prize turkey of the show. Seems as though the presentation of these home grown turkeys has made such a hit that they will be a permanent

part of the prizes here in the future.

As is befitting the old saying about Texas never doing things in the usual manner, the show wound up in a most unusual way. About half way through the final class, which was the open jumpers, the sky darkened in a matter of seconds and out of nowhere there appeared a veritable cyclone. The temperature dropped about 20 degrees in as many minutes and the wind sent jumps, flags, horses, and spectators scattering in every direction. The last two horses had to jump in almost complete darkness and there was not even time to award the championship trophies. But for all this unusual ending and confusion, the show seemed to have been a great success and it is hoped that next year some exhibitors from out of state will come to compete with the top horses in Texas over some of the most difficult courses anywhere.

SUMMARIES

Working hunter—1. Tally Ho, Whitney Donaldson; 2. Eager, Hobby Horse Stables; 3. Over-Drive, Charles Griffin; 4. Gold Digger, Parish Stables.

Limit jumpers—1. Gold Digger, Parish Stables; 2. Diamond Joe, Mary Len Smith; 3. Dublin, Hobby Horse Stables; 4. Blue, Manuel Grayson.

Equitation—1. Terry Cocke; 2. Judy Mann; 3. Lois Mann; 4. Sally Myer.

Green hunter—1. Pyramid, Parish Stables; 2. Anglo-American, Shirley Reager; 3. Sky Sweeper, Parish Stables; 4. Gold Digger, Parish Stables.

Fault and out—1. Victor, Parish Stables; 2. Tally-Ho, Whitney Donaldson; 3. Heigh-Ho, Benita Wiederman; 4. Rex, Mary Fleming.

Handy hunter—1. Soldier Creek, Mrs. V. G. Olmsmith; 2. Texas, Judy Mann; 3. Bay Leaf, Hobby Horse Stables; 4. The Saint, Susan Penn.

Junior jumpers—1. Sir Tony, Sally Myer; 2. Red Head, Parish Stables; 3. Verdina Girl, Terry Cocke; 4. Victor, Parish Stables.

Middle and heavyweight hunters—1. Soldier Creek, Mrs. V. G. Olmsmith; 2. McGregor Dawson, Jane Orr; 3. Over-Drive, Charles Griffin; 4. Lil Abner, M. T. Giles.

Scurry jumpers—1. Blue, Manuel Grayson; 2. Tally-Ho, Whitney Donaldson; 3. Victor, Parish Stables; 4. Gold Digger, Parish Stables.

Junior hunters—1. Verdina Girl, Terry Cocke; 2. Sir Tony, Sally Myer; 3. Smudge Pot, Hobby Horse Stables; 4. Eager, Hobby Horse Stables.

Lightweight hunter—1. Texas, Judy Mann; 2. Bay Leaf, Hobby Horse Stables; 3. Sky Sweeper, Parish Stables; 4. Eager, Hobby Horse Stables.

Bareback jumpers—1. Diamond Joe, Mary Len Smith; 2. Victor, Parish Stables; 3. Shorty, Spud Burton; 4. Bonnie, Wayne Baldwin.

Open hunter—1. Texas, Judy Mann; 2. Over-Drive, C. Griffin; 3. Lil Abner, M. T. Giles; 4. Bay Leaf, Hobby Horse Stables.

Open jumpers—1. Red Head, Parish Stables; 2. Tally-Ho, Whitney Donaldson; 3. Modock, J. B. Allinson; 4. Skipper, Beverly Young.

Judges: Col. Landon Lockett, jumpers; Col. F. de L. Comfort, hunters.

Grosse Pointe Club Holds First Indoor Schooling Show

R. M. Drake

On Sunday afternoon, November 27, with several inches of snow on the ground and evidence of winter's early arrival outside, the members and friends of the Grosse Pointe Hunt Club, Grosse Pointe, Mich., (near Detroit) comfortably gathered in the newly decorated observation lounge to watch the first of a series of schooling horse shows in the club's big indoor ring. During the winter season the club holds a series of six indoor shows, four of these provided keen competition among the juniors for possession of the Arnold Hoffman trophy which is awarded to the exhibitor accruing the greatest number of points throughout the series.

Miss Mary Mulford's Gumdrop took a lead early in the day's program when the bay, piloted by its owner, was awarded 1st honors in the handy hunter class.

Another entry high in the ribbons was Bay Warrior, owned and ridden by Dick Fruehauf. The bold going hunter captured the blues in working hunter and hunters tandem. In the latter class another Fruehauf owned entry, Good Dear, ridden by Miss Janet Allen, shared the honors.

Always exciting is the knock-down-and-out class. The performances necessitated two jump-offs; the four horses having clean rounds returned to the ring to negotiate the course with the jumps raised. Miss Judy McKiel's Politician and Dick Fruehauf's Good Deal repeated their clean performances. Politician emerged victorious at the conclusion of the second jump-off.

Following the afternoon's program the Board of Directors entertained and members and friends enjoyed a subscription dinner.

SUMMARIES

Beginners' horsemanship, walk and trot—1. Curt Andrews; 2. Jim Andrews; 3. Bruce Gillis.

Working hunter—1. Bay Warrior, Dick Fruehauf.

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hauf; 2. Gumdrop, Mary Mulford; 3. Good Deal, Dick Fruehauf; 4. Beldale, Ernest C. Putnam.

Intermediate horsemanship, walk, trot, and canter—1. Susie Mulford; 2. Lora Ann Edgar; 3. Sue Denier; 4. Billie Denier.

Handy hunter—1. Gumdrop, Mary Mulford; 2. Madam, Nancy Ruedeman; 3. Golden Nugget, Barbara Bull; 4. Politician, Judy McKiel.

Hunter hack—1. Gumdrop, Mary Mulford; 2. Scotch 'N Soda, Janet Wiederman; 3. Bay Warrior, Dick Fruehauf; 4. Good Deal, Dick Fruehauf.

Knock-down-and-out — 1. Politician, Judy McKiel; 2. Good Deal, Dick Fruehauf; 3. Gumdrop, Mary Mulford; 4. Madam, Nancy Ruedeman.

Tandem hunter—1. Good Deal, Bay Warrior, Dick Fruehauf; 2. Madam, Nancy Ruedeman; 3. Politician, Judy McKiel; 4. Scotch 'N Soda, Janet Wiederman; 5. Golden Nugget, Barbara Bull.

Advanced horsemanship—1. Janet Allen; 2. Mary Mulford; 3. Nancy Ruedeman; 4. Janet Wiederman.

Horsemanship over jumps—1. Mary Mulford; 2. Janet Wiederman; 3. Judy McKiel; 4. Nancy Ruedeman.

Pair class—1. Madam, Nancy Ruedeman; 2. Gumdrop, Mary Mulford; 3. Scotch 'N Soda, Janet Wiederman; 4. Politician, Judy McKiel; 5. Entry, Barbara Bull; 6. Entry, Lora Ann Edgar; 7. Entry, Susan Mulford; 8. Entry, Sandra Fitzpatrick.

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Charm and Simplicity Features of Annual Port Royal Show

The 15th annual Port Royal Horse Show was held Oct. 9 at Roxborough Philadelphia, Pa. This particular show has a charm and simplicity which somehow stays the same despite this age of commercialism. The committee still feels that the children's classes should have no greenbacks, only trophies.

C. M. Kline, who owns numerous race horses, has donated a challenge trophy with replica to be kept each year for the child, who in the estimation of the judges, has had the most competent hunter seat throughout the morning classes. This large, handsome silver bowl went this year to Charles B. Lyman, Jr. Runner up was Miss Sally Deaver. It was most gratifying to see some 40 children in the three divisions of horsemanship with 10 children in the 8 years and under. The young sons of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Biddle, Jr. did very well with their ponies, taking a blue with Merry Legs and a red with Valley Mist in pony hunter hacks and a 3rd with Valley Mist in both horsemanship and children's hunters.

The afternoon classes where both money and trophies are given, were well filled with particular interest given to the challenge trophy presented by Mr. and Mrs. Miles Valentine and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Slater, Jr. This trophy is for qualified hunters and this means horses which have really hunted—name of hunt club must be stated on entry. This class was won by Miss Ruth Van Selver's lovely looking Flag Top. From here on Flag Top and his owner never let up the pace, putting in one good round after another to win the champion hunter award and the Happy Hill Farms Challenge Trophy. The trophy is a handsome silver and gold cup presented by Mr. and Mrs. Cortright Wetherill.

It was altogether a lovely day with a well deserved cocktail waiting in a tent on the grounds for all exhibitors at exactly 6:00 p. m. which is when all well run shows should end.

SUMMARIES

Pony hunter hack, 14.2 and under—1. Merry Legs, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Biddle, Jr.; 2. Valley Mist, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Biddle, Jr.; 3. Skylark, Harry J. Nesbitt; 4. Hilda V., Flying Heels Farm.

Horsemanship, 8 years and under—1. Angie Hamilton; 2. Entry; 3. Entry; 4. Sally Craven.

Horsemanship, 9 to 12—1. Jerry Miller; 2. Thomas Rogers.

Horsemanship, 12 to 18—1. Sally Deaver; 2. Charles B. Lyman, Jr.; 3. Angie Hamilton; 4. Ruth Van Selver.

Lead line—1. Jeanie Piersol; 2. Gretchen Hatfield; 3. Sally Craven.

Children's hunters, 14.2 and under—1. Grey Coate, Angie Hamilton; 2. Our Beauty, Mildred Kindlan; 3. Vally Mist, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Biddle, Jr.; 4. Pixie, Laura Miller.

Children's hunters over 14.2—1. Scamp, Charles B. Lyman, Jr.; 2. Son of K, Circle K Ranch; 3. Blue Cloud, Circle K Ranch; 4. Bashful Boy, Ruth Van Selver.

Child's hunter hack, over 14.2—1. Tote Wee, Mrs. John Strawbridge, Jr.; 2. Kokhlemar, Lois Ann Helweg; 3. On Relief, Sally Deaver; 4. Son of K, Circle K Ranch.

Child's handy hunter—1. Son of K, Circle K Ranch; 2. Blue Cloud, Circle K Ranch; 3. Grey Coat, Angie Hamilton; 4. Bashful Boy, Ruth Van Selver.

Family class—1. The John DeZ. Hamiltons; 2. The Harry J. Nesbitts.

Best child rider—Charles B. Lyman, Jr. Reserve—Sally Deaver.

Green hunter under saddle—1. His Nibs, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Scheetz; 2. Small Coin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Biddle, Jr.; 3. Glen Heather, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Frazier 3rd; 4. Tote Wee, Mrs. John Strawbridge, Jr.

Qualified hunters—1. Flag Top, Ruth Van Selver; 2. On Relief, Sally Deaver; 3. The Puppet, W. W. Frazier 3rd; 4. Handsome Harry, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Biddle, Jr.

Hunter hack—1. Flag Top, Ruth Van Selver; 2. Tote Wee, Mrs. John Strawbridge, Jr.; 3. Son of K, Circle K Ranch; 4. Copper Lustre, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Scheetz.

Green hunters to jump—1. Blue Cloud, Circle K Ranch; 2. Perry's Pride, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Biddle, Jr.; 4. Colleen, Patricia Stewart; 4. Tote Wee, Mrs. John Strawbridge, Jr.

Open jumpers—1. Moonbeam, Mrs. John Strawbridge, Jr.; 2. Mike Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Slater, Jr.; 3. The Puppet, W. W. Frazier 3rd; 4. Son of K, Circle K Ranch.

Open to all hunters—1. Flag Top, Ruth Van Selver; 2. Scamp, Charles B. Lyman, Jr.; 3. Mike Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Slater, Jr.; 4. Moonbeam, Mrs. John Strawbridge, Jr.; 5. Touch and out—1. Pepper, Martha Bishop; 2. Moonbeam, Mrs. John Strawbridge, Jr.; 3. Sun Bunny, W. C. Miller; 4. Pretender, Charles Filloon.

Working hunter—1. Flag Top, Ruth Van Selver; 2. Mike Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Slater, Jr.; 3. Copper Lustre, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Scheetz; 4. Moonbeam, Mrs. John Strawbridge, Jr.

Ladies' hunter—1. Flag Top, Ruth Van Selver; 2. Mike Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Slater, Jr.; 3. Copper Lustre, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Scheetz.

Pairs of hunters—1. Flag Top, Ruth Van

Judging Competition At The Canadian National Exhibition

Broadview

The judging competition held this year at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, Canada, is a wise step toward developing new talent.

The Canadian Horse Shows Association, sponsor of the project, is aware of the need to promote interest and competence in judging light horses.

The competition is open to all young men and women across Canada between the ages of 18 and 30 years who do not hold a judge's rating. Through elimination trials, two representatives were chosen from each zone to come to the Canadian National Exhibition. The C. N. E. paid traveling expenses and hotel bills and awarded cash prizes to the winners.

The scoring of such a competition for judges is necessarily somewhat intricate in order to give a fair impartial decision at the outcome, since the actual act of judging is based so much on individual opinion. This, the second annual competition, showed many improvement over last year and the scoring of competitors was well worked out.

Being a nation-wide contest, it is impossible to accept people who judge only a specialized division, but the C. H. S. A., feeling that few can be competent in all divisions, made two groupings this year. All divisions shown under saddle were put in one section and all shown in harness in another. Competitors had the choice of entering one or both sections, but all of them took a crack at everything.

The section under saddle included hunters—way of going and performance were scored from the rail, but contestants were given 20 minutes with the horses stripped for conformation before the official judges came in to finish the class. They scored a performance class for jumpers and also judged 3-gaited saddle horses and saddle ponies.

The harness section included heavy harness horses and ponies, light harness and Shetlands in harness. All were allowed in the ring to examine their selections. Score cards were collected before the official judges gave any indication of their preference.

The junior judges' score cards for the different classes were marked on the basis of 50 percent for correspondence to placement of the official judges and 50 percent for reasons. A mathematical table of points for the 50 percent on placing, according to the official decision, meant that the contestant who selected the first four horses, even if in different order, did not lose much, but began to lose points heavily if he placed a horse not considered by the official judges.

The 50 percent given for reasons strengthened the correct selections if the contestant could show he really knew why these horses were best, and gave him an opportunity to offset points lost by misplacement of horses, if his reasons for disagreeing with the official judges were sound.

There were 12 contestants in all, two each from the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta.

Successful candidates in the under saddle section were Miss Helen Jones, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Miss Yvonne McMullen, Mills, Ont.; and G. T. Cole, Edmonton tied with Ian S. Brown, Calgary, both from Alberta.

Winners in the harness section were Miss Frances Currie, Montreal, Que.; Miss Audrey Shaw, Halifax, Nova Scotia; and G. T. Cole Edmonton, Alberta.

Sciver; Scamp, Charles B. Lyman, Jr.; 2. The Puppet, W. W. Frazier 3rd; Mike Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Slater, Jr.; 3. Carmalde, Mrs. W. Penn Gaskill-Hall; Moonbeam, Mrs. John Strawbridge, Jr.; 4. Copper Lustre, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Scheetz; On Relief, Sally Deaver.

Handy hunters—1. Scamp, Charles B. Lyman, Jr.; 2. Sun Bunny, W. C. Miller; 3. Blue Cloud, Circle K Ranch; 4. Moonbeam, Mrs. John Strawbridge, Jr.

Champion hunter and winner of Happy Hill Farm Challenge Trophy—Flag Top, Ruth Van Selver.

Judges: Mrs. Edgar Scott, Miss L. Rosamund Almy, Dr. Benjamin Price, Morris Dixon.

Schooling Show Held At "76" Farm Draws Radnor Area Juniors

A schooling show was held at the "76" Farm, White Horse Road, Berwyn, Pennsylvania on October 23.

Miss Betsy Crozer's Belle Noire, took the blue in the working hunter class and placed 2nd in the handy hunter, road hack, and family class. Billy and Orville King, were very much in evidence in all the classes, on their ponies, Miss Prim and Chessey. Janet and Sally Frantz placed in several classes. Patty Mullen, ridden by Sally Thomas, annexed the blue in the road hack. Master Johnny Hill won the novice horsemanship on his pony Bunker Hill, in addition to which he placed 4th in the handy hunter class.

This show was a great success and good fun was had by all.

SUMMARIES

Warm-up—1. General, Sally Frantz; 2. Carmalde, Mrs. W. P. G. Hall; 3. Broomlight, Janet Frantz; 4. Disraeli, Dr. Newlin Paxson.

Handy hunter—1. Snuffy Smith, William Frantz; 2. Belle Noire, Betsy Crozer; 3. General, Sally Frantz; 4. Bunker Hill, Johnny Hill.

Pony hack—1. Chessey, Billy King; 2. General, Sally Frantz; 3. Gloria, Nanette Lindsey; 4. Polly, Anne Marie Jordan.

Road hack—1. Patty Mullen, Sally Frantz; 2. Belle Noire, Betsy Crozer; 3. Broomlight, Janet Frantz; 4. Entry, Lorine Eshelman.

Working hunters—1. Belle Noire, Betsy Crozer; 2. My Star, Joan Ferguson; 3. Miss

Prim, Orville King; 4. Chessey, Bill King. Pairs of hunters, tandem—1. Carmalde, Mrs. W. P. G. Hall; Well Away, Lorine Eshelman; 2. Timmy, Doris Haughton; Little Sister, Susan Ferguson; 3. Chessey, Bill King; Miss Prim, Orville King; 4. My Star, Joan Ferguson; Entry, Orville King.

Beginners horsemanship—1. Peggy Trout; 2. Anne Marie Jordan; 3. Jimmy Morin; 4. Ethel Bonsal.

Novice horsemanship—1. Johnny Hill; 2. Orville King; 3. Joan Neill; 4. Elaine Bonsal.

Open horsemanship—1. Billy King; 2. Nancy Hill; 3. Betsy Crozer; 4. Orville King.

Fair class—1. Miss Prim, Orville King; Chessey, Bill King; 2. Herculese, Anne Marie Jordan; Belle Noire, Betsy Crozer; 3. Tar Baby, Jimmy Morin; Polly, Norrie Jordan; 4. Wild Flower, Joseph Bonsal; Little Brother, Elaine Bonsal.

Bareback horsemanship—1. Bill King; 2. Orville King; 3. Betsy Crozer; 4. Elaine Bonsal.

Judges: Mrs. William Morin and Dr. Melville Rawnsley.

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Indoor Polo At Squadron A and Culver

Good Polo Being Played By Billy Rand For Squadron A In Indoor Matches; Culver Scores 4 Victories In 4 Games

Cadet R. M. Schless

The month of November saw the Cadets participating in 4 games, with 4 victories. At the end of the 4 games Culver's points total 81 to their opponents 31, an impressive record. One of these games was played away from the academy. That game was with Cornell at Cornell. The varsity composed of Belling, Schless, and Gray is improving steadily. They are now rated as a 2 goal team with Schless and Gray each holding one goal. The 2nd team is also improving and made a good showing in their 2nd game.

The 1st game of the November season was played on the 5th with the varsity tackling the Spartans of Chicago. In the 1st chukker the Culver team completely bewildered their opponents by a shower of goals plus a 4 goal handicap and ended the period at 8-2 in favor of Culver. However late in that period an unfortunate accident occurred. Cokinis of the Spartans was hit by a near side neck shot by Schless. This forced him out of the game and Worsham, the Cadet's alternate had to play in his place. After the first period, play was definitely one sided in favor of the Chicago aggregation. Pat Conors the star of the game made 10 of his team's 13 goals. In the 4th period it looked as if the game was lost when the Spartans went out in front 13 to 12, but in the dying moments of the game Gray scored to tie things up. The bell soon rang and an extra period was in the making. When the sudden death period started the Cadets were in for the kill and the final goal was quickly made by Schless to complete the game with Culver on top 14-13 with an undeserved victory.

After a layoff of a week the Culver trio journeyed to Ithaca, New York; this game has already been reported in The Chronicle of Dec. 9.

While the 1st team was trouncing Cornell the 2nd team was running over The Plush Horse Stables of Chicago. The 2nd team composed of Ansbacker at 1, Worsham at 2, and Joseph at 3 gave them a sound drubbing to the tune of 19-3. They were tense throughout the 1st chukker and could only make the score a tie 1-1. However in the 2nd period it was a different story. The Cadets pushed in 7 goals to make the score 8-2. In the 3rd and 4th periods the Plush Horse Stables were completely bewildered as the Culver team pushed in goal after goal. The final score of 19-3 represented good stick work and good teamwork on the part of the Cadets.

The final game of the November series was played during Thanksgiving week end at Culver on the 26th. The game was more or less a free for all with Culver going all the way. The 1st team tackled an alumni team of pre-war days and sent them in utter rout. One period was the same as the next. The Cadets teamwork was superb and their stickwork was excellent. Wherever a Culver man would hit the ball there would be another maroon jersey there to pick it up. Not one of the Cadets shots was wasted. The final score of the game was a startling 29 to 3. This game made the 4th Culver victory of the month. The 1st string without a doubt played its best game so far this year in that game. Their hitting power and accuracy was superior to anything so far exhibited this season.

November 5 Culver (14)
No. 1 Belling 3
No. 2 Schless 4
No. 3 Gray 3
handicap 4

Spartans (18)
No. 1 Kraml 1
No. 2 Cokinis 0
Worsham 1
No. 3 Conners 10
Pony 1

November 10 Culver (19)
No. 1 Belling 6
No. 2 Schless 6
No. 3 Gray 6
Pony 1

Bill Goodrich

The Squadron A—West Orange match had been won by the home team at Squadron A, December 10, and the 3-goal difference in the 11 to 8 victory was the cause of much post-game discussion in the "A" club.

Billy Rand's goals in the 4th period decided the match, and now the players were talking about the Squadron A No. 2. All were in accord on Rand's play for the first 4 games of the 1949-50 season.

"I tell you," said Fred Zeller, "this Rand is playing 6-goal polo. I don't know what he's done to his game but it sure shows!"

Rand is playing 6-goal polo and for the second week in succession he was top player in the ring. The week before, he rode with Billy Nicholls and Johnny Pflug against Paul Miller, Al Parsells, and Walter Nicholls. Last Saturday Miller and Parsells were his team mates and the opposition consisted of Billy Zimmerman, Buddy Combs, and Hayward Headen.

Lyman T. Whitehead, Jr., chairman of the Squadron A polo committee, who has watched Rand play since the early 30's, "always liked the former Yale player's game but never more than this season."

"Rand is steadier now," said Whitey. "He has reached the point in his career where experience and hustle are paying off."

Parsells said he couldn't help but admire the work of Rand several times in the match.

"One time in the 4th period I actually stopped riding to watch Rand outfox Zimmerman and Combs in mid-ring, then go on to score the goal and give us a 9 to 7 lead," said Parsells. (It is quite a trick, outsmarting Zimmerman and Combs under any circumstances.)

Rand can't explain his play this year. "I don't think I'm as good as they say I am right now," he says.

This writer, who has watched Rand down through the years, believes that this will be his finest season.

Miller was up to snuff in the match. He tallied the first 5 goals against West Orange. Miller's 6th goal late in the 3rd period put Squadron A ahead by 8 to 7 entering the last period. The best shot of the game, a tall goal from 15 yards out, was made by Parsells. Rand said this shot, which broke a 6-6 tie, was the turning point in the game.

Combs made his New York debut and scored 3 goals, as did Zimmerman. Tom Boylan refereed the match.

The Brooklyn Polo Club—Lt. Bud Heatley, Ray Harrington, and Charles Leonard—turned in a 14 to 4 win over the Squadron A Blues in the first game of the doubleheader. The 6-goal Brooklyn team clicked on all 3 cylinders. Squadron A—Walter Devereux, Walter Nicholls, and Tom Long—never did get started. Heatley was the game's top scorer with 6 goals. Henry Untermeyer was the referee.

Beecher Hungerford, Tex Butler, and Bob Ackerman, riding as Long Island, traveled to West Orange, N. J., and walloped the host club—Bob Yeager, Steve Roberts, and Dick Parsells—by 15 to 7. Hungerford scored 4 times, Butler 5, and Ackerman 6.

Cornell (12)

No. 1 Lainbeer 3
Grano 4
No. 2 Blehler 1
Emerson 4
No. 3 De Puy 0
Morgan 0

November 26 Culver (29)
No. 1 Belling 7
No. 2 Schless 14
No. 3 Gray 7
Pony 1

Alumni (8)

No. 1 Farr 0
No. 2 Farr 2
No. 3 Johnson 1

Bridlespur Hunt

Continued from Page 17

Green, followed by a barbecued chicken dinner and square dance at a nearby club house, all in the best Missouri tradition.

With horses and riders somewhat tired and stiff from the previous day, our large Field turned out for more of the same Sunday morning. However, overnight the weather had turned warmer and a dry wind from the south had sprung up, which certainly didn't help scenting conditions. Hounds could not hold a line for more than a few minutes and, even when the Huntsman viewed a big grey practically under his horse's feet and put hounds on at once, they had difficulty owning the line and lost it after a short run of 15 or 20 minutes. However, everyone enjoyed a very pleasant and scenic Sunday morning ride which, after the strenuous workout of the previous day, left us not too disappointed with the vagaries of scent.

The Master dismissed the Field at noon to adjourn to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Staley for a hunt breakfast which, thanks to the warming skies, could be eaten in perfect comfort on the terrace. Then the long trek of cars, trailers, and horse vans began, and by evening Mexico was as quiet as if nothing had ever happened. But it won't soon forget the music of hounds in full cry, the thundering hooves in hot pursuit, or the colorful picture of hounds, horses and fox hunters in that beautiful Missouri setting.

Thursday, Nov. 24, dawned chill and clear. A light rain had fallen the night before and scenting conditions were ideal. Hounds met at the Bridlespur kennels in Huntleigh Village at 10:00 A. M. A Field of about 55 was out.

Huntsman Henry Rohde assisted by Honorary Whipper-in P. V. von Gontard, J. B. Orthwein, and Miss Nancy Aiken cast 16 couple of hounds in the thick maze of underbrush paralleling North Geyer Woods. Almost immediately Beppo's deep chested cry heralded the finding of a line. The rest of the pack took up the song and off we went flying after them. George McNulty flew a little over-enthusiastically and "bit the dust". Luckily he was unhurt.

The first run took us 5 miles west through Geyer Woods and on into Harshes Pasture. Here we veered to the right, took 3 rather "salty" fences in quick succession and checked in Harshes Woods where the fox threw hounds off the scent for several minutes by fording Two Mile Creek.

Ruth picked up the line and some beautiful hound music followed as the rest of the pack surged up the creek bank. Simultaneously a tallyho rang out to the north. One of the whippers-in had viewed the fox recrossing the creek a scant mile ahead.

Hounds pushed on steadily and the hard pressed fox now doubled back through Harshes Pasture, turned south through Huntleigh Woods, then north again through Huntleigh Downs and on through Mays Woods toward the old race track.

There up a deep ravine, amidst a crescendo of hound music and in sight of the onrushing Field, he met the quick death of all foxes when hounds close in.

Trophies of the chase were awarded by Joint-M. F. H. A. B. Orthwein, and newcomers to the hunt were properly blooded with one of Reynard's pads. After this, the hunt was resumed.

Hounds crossed Denny Road and drew Deer Creek Woods. A cold line was picked up near Trails End Stables but gave out after a short

run, and the Master decided to call it a day.

In 3 short hours hunters and mounts had covered some 17 miles of not too smooth Missouri countryside, negotiated some 12 stiff fences, and been on hand for the kill, with no one suffering a serious mishap. All in all a perfect Thanksgiving Day Hunt.

Letters To The Editor

Continued from Page 5

to us and so rarely mentioned, who has more to do with things behind the scenes than anyone seems to know. He is the teacher of many riders and has been the teacher of so many, whose prowess we now admire. He is a man, of course, well known to you—Thomas Chalmers, the owner of the Royal Oak Stables.

After enjoying the perfect day on the Longmeadow Hill myself, and admiring with great enthusiasm the work of all those people, especially the youngsters, it occurred to me how much of all that was owing to Thomas Chalmers, the patient and understanding teacher of everyone of those girls, that were mentioned in Mrs. de Martelly's review. The "Chalmers girls" we call them around here—and a proud designation it is, because wherever they show, they generally reap a good part of the laurels. Another reason for that is the careful and patient selection of mounts for them, another phase, that is with inexhaustible patience conducted by Mr. Chalmers and endlessly discussed with the parents. There was not one of those marvellous young ones on the Longmeadow Day, whose progress over the course was not followed by Mr. Chalmers—the calm and confident eyes of their friend and teacher "lifting them over the fences" as we call it. In turn, of course, he is much made of and adored by the group. The day with its triumphs just would not be half as great to them without his criticism, his comments and his praise. That is why I thought something very essential is missing in Mrs. de Martelly's review, and I wanted you to know it.

Very sincerely yours,

Olga Lansing

Highland Park, Ill.

Elkridge-Harford

Continued from Page 9

Mrs. J. C. Rathborne has returned to us from a fox and horse hunting trip in Virginia. Before leaving she sold her Thoroughbred horse, Chibaba, which had won three blues at our recent hunter trials. Her reason for selling Chibaba was that he jumped "too big"—a fault I personally would never complain of. Georgie said she had greatly enjoyed her Virginia foxhunting, and her horse hunting resulted in the purchase of a new mount, The Little Stranger, who will join her other well named hunter, Southern Comfort.—H. L.

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Bangor Boot and Saddle Club's 2nd Annual Horse Show

G. Morgan Giddings

Riding and showing horses in the northern part of Maine has been practically unheard of in the past but thanks to the interest and co-operation of a few young people in the state, the sport is becoming more prominent every year. Directly after the last war, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Johnson of Bangor revived The Boot and Saddle Club and in 1948 they held their first show.

This year the 2nd annual horse show took place on October 2 and there was a great improvement in interest as well as horsemanship and horses. Mrs. S. Braley Gray, Jr. of Old Town, formerly of Richmond, Virginia, and her young son did an exceptionally fine job. Mrs. Gray's Thoroughbred, Happy Landing, was brought up here from Virginia eleven years ago when a 3-year-old and is consistently in the ribbons.

Eight-year-old S. Braley Gray III on his Round Robin could be, without a doubt, the finest junior rider in the state in the next few years. Miss Sally Smith on her Chalmar is a very capable rider and is extremely enthusiastic about promoting good horsemanship in this part of the country. Incidentally, Miss Smith was riding side saddle which is a very rare sight in Maine. Roland Gibbs, who has been schooling the Calvin Johnson horses this past year, made a very good showing. Eugene Johnson, of the same family, returned to his stable with the blue in open jumping. Master Michael Riley garnered 11 points to become champion of the show and Miss Sally Friend was reserve with 9 points.

The juniors in this area by far surpass their elders in this sport and we hope to stimulate this interest with more shows and possibly pony clubs so that riding, showing and someday hunting will become as popular here as it is now in other parts of the country.

SUMMARIES

Junior horsemanship—1. Michael Riley; 2. Braley Gray; 3. Jackie Frost; 4. Norris Lovett.
English senior horsemanship—1. Mrs. Braley Gray; 2. Olive Ellis; 3. Ruth Mooers; 4. Sally Smith.
English ponies—1. Braley Gray; 2. Michael Riley; 3. Jackie Frost; 4. Hugh Connor.
Musical chairs—1. Eva Denham.
Open jumping—1. Entry, Eugene Johnson; 2. Entry, Dr. Stein; 3. Entry, Miss Sloat; 4. Entry, Mrs. Braley Gray.
Judges: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Smith.

Military Teams

Continued from Page 3

taining their fine sense of timing and beating their horses to any idea of resisting.

Now comes another controversial subject. Talk of the so-called forward seat. In the first place this is a misnomer. It is a balanced seat. Mechanically, the shorter the irons, the further forward must the body bend at the hips to remain in balance with the horse. Also, of course, the faster the pace, the more must the rider's body be inclined forward. The Mexican Team uses a rather slow pace and rides relatively long. Therefore, they sit a bit more erect than other teams. This enables them to easily do something that is essential to jump riding—sit deep in their saddle with the crotch in contact, rather than stand in the stirrups during the approach. This essential contact has two effects: One, the rider feels and interprets what the horse is doing, and two, the knee joints are softly flexible—impossible while standing. Thus you do not see a Mexican officer jump before his horses, a fault which causes 90 percent of the trouble of those who have "standing room only."

The Mexicans cause a lot of comment by using rather short running martingales. Of course when a horse is properly between the hands and legs, the rider can place the head just where he wants it. The martingale does, or should do, absolutely nothing. When a horse chooses to resist however, he runs his nose straight up after stiffening his jaw. The longer a horse is kept flexed and rather severely on the hand, the greater is his temptation to stiffen for a stride or two. To guard against this and to have a strong mechanical device to quickly remind the horse just who is boss, they use their short martingales most skill-

fully. Let me hasten to add that a short martingale in the wrong hands is an abomination and a sure trouble maker.

Next look at these Mexican horses over their fences. They arrive at their jumping point either by having the stride shortened or lengthened, generally the former. Their last stride is always with the nose way out (in contrast with vertical head carriage during the approach), their rear is high and they jump well folded. This means that the riders are giving them full liberty of the head and neck during the jump. Without this liberty a horse simply does not fold nor can he mechanically. Also of course, the horses have learned from former experience and well-timed reminders, that touching a fence may be an unpleasant incident.

On landing from a jump the riders are most careful to land on their knees and to skillfully and quickly get the horse back between the hand and leg without the upset caused by either abrupt bumps on mouth or loin. From that instant on they are busy riding to the next jump.

Let us leave the Mexican Team then with this in mind. They are a splendid combination of well-trained horses and experienced, well-coordinated riders, thoroughly and skillfully coached. If you want to copy their method and style, go ahead and good luck to you. You are apt to wind up in the red, however, unless you know a great deal or have some pretty high class coach. I do believe that they must change

cize the beautifully balanced Chileans, and before speaking of the Irish, let me expound a little of the theory of the school of thought that governed our own riding team. The late Brigadier General Harry D. Chamberlin, whom many of us, who worked under him, consider the soundest theorist of jump riding we know, used to say this:

"The jump is made by the approach. It is the rider whose lack of error during this period makes the horse relax and allows him to do his job. If you are right, 99 out of 100 times, it will be immediately evident to the rider that the horse will arrive properly in his jumping range. If you do not feel all is well, the hardest but only things to do are:—1. Sit still; 2. Softly follow his mouth; 3. Encourage but don't upset him with the legs; 4. Be ready for a big effort but wait for a prop and bounce if the big one does not come."

How true this is! Old riders, look back at the heartbreakers you have had from smacking a fence because you were just plain over riding or, equally bad, asleep and letting your horse die under you. Will, there is the big point in jumping riding, and it separates the men from the boys.

And now for the lads with the ready smile, the big horses, and the wit to hide their disappointment—the Irish. Corry and Aherne, are as much fixtures of our international shows as are Raguse and Wing. Many times we have discussed the pros and cons of various schools. I

pitifully few do it well.

You may well ask, "If so proud of your theory, why don't you win?" It's a good question and I shall be frank in my answer. First, I shall say these Irish horses are strictly long galloping course horses. Remember that 1,200 pounds at 15 miles per hour causes more disturbance than 1,050 pounds at 12 miles per hour, when a touch is made. Secondly, I must say the Irish riders are not following their horses' mouths. While the interference of hand is not noticeable to the casual observer, still their lightly set hands do create a problem for the nicely mouthed horses in putting their entire attention on the fence. The horses seem to be anticipating a rider's demand. Thirdly, these Irish lads are inclined to bet their shirts on a big jump—if things look wrong, they appear too violent in making their demands for a big jump and are unable to wait for their horses. Consequently, they get mistakes caused by over riding. The Irish team aims at continental outdoor shows and gives little thought to indoor competitions. I contend that the same string of horses can do both with a few individual exceptions. I also contend that a team will be very lucky if they get together a string that can dominate both fields—win their share, yes, but they are bound to be more successful one way than the other.

Before closing I shall pay tribute to our hardy and sportsmanlike neighbors from Canada. These "business men—Army riders" are under a terrific handicap. Twice a week practice versus full time training is an obstacle difficult to combat. Certainly they show marked improvement each year which to me is somewhat surprising since they have absolutely no government support nor are they able to do much about basic training for their horses. I understand that a trainer of experience has been brought in from Poland and consequently, believe the trend of their work will be along lines generally followed in the prewar German school.

From this attempt to analyze the riding styles and theories which seem to govern the recent visitors at our International Horse Shows, a few similarities can be shown. Possibly a few lessons can be learned by our own jump riders. Certainly a contrast in riding methods can be pointed out and possibly be connected with the influence of the rules under which international and local competitions are held.

It is quite evident to me that all international riders attempt to remain in balance with their horses throughout the course. One does not see the rider, during the approach, way behind his horse, bumping the loin and hitting the mouth. Again all strive for smoothness in transition of pace rather than the frantic dive so common in our local gatherings. Equally universal among international riders is their desire never to jab a horse's mouth, either during the approach, the jump, or upon landing. All of them realize that hocks should be under a horse when he jumps. All send the hocks up to the horse by leg use rather than attempting to yank the horse back to his hocks by testing the tensile strength of the reins.

The predominant factor which influences those who ride under F. E. I. rules is the desire to get a smooth graceful performance over the entire course rather than a series of performances over individual jumps. The time factor is, of course, the consideration which forces one to strive along this line, as it is the only way to succeed.

Finally, in international jumping when ticks are not counted, a horse's natural jump will do the job. Everyone knows that there are very few experienced jumpers that do not touch occasional jumps. When forced to prepare a horse to go absolutely clean, some pretty shady practices come into vogue which are not sporting and do not contribute anything to grace or natural ability. This factor, coupled with the fact that courses can be made more spectacular and sporting, that riding skill comes to the fore as an inevitable result, makes a pretty good argument for the adoption of international rules for our open jumper division in American horse shows.

CHRONICLE QUIZ



B. B. Smith with a crow
1. WHAT IS CROW HOPPING?

1. (See drawing.)
2. What is a buttermilk horse?
3. What are choke-bored pants?
4. What is meant by saying a horse is rattling his hocks?
5. What are "the ribbons"?
6. What is a snatch team?

(Answers on Page 23)

their theory of jumping to be as conspicuously successful on long courses as they are indoors, should continental teams come back to their former standards.

In discussing the Chilean Teams it appears to me that they show many of the traits of both schools, the free going and the strictly between hand and leg. Their horses are quite obedient and still they jump freely and at a true international rate. They impress me as riders who have been actually jumping courses of fairly solidly constructed jumps with fast time as a possibly decisive factor. They ride very short and commit what to me is the grave error of riding their approach, completely out of the saddle—in other words, standing in the stirrups. This caused them to hustle their horses in their last strides and, I believe, most of you who were at the Garden will agree that it caused the great majority of their faults. They just did not have the perfect communication between horse and rider that is necessary to get off at each jump with a big jump or a proper prop and bounce.

Having had the timidity to criti-

believe the Irish, the Germans, and ourselves were pretty much in agreement in the old days. The Italians were a bit more free going, the French a bit less. We all agreed that the horse must be painstakingly schooled so as to be easily controlled by his rider. We all felt a horse should be rated to suit the jump. None of us, felt that there was much to do but sit still, keep up momentum, and wait for the horse to arrive in his jumping range. When he gets there, encourage him to jump big or prop and bounce as the occasion demands. Having tried to lift ourselves by our boot straps, we are unanimous in our vote to give the horse complete liberty of head and neck from take-off to landing. Having seen horses stiffen and bolt on landing as a result of the horse's loins being crushed by a two hundred pound pair of breeches hitting a saddle all at once, accompanied by an equal or greater bang on the horse's mouth, we feel that this is not right. Rather we like to land cushioned by ankle, knee, and hip joint action, gather the horse quickly and gently and go after the next fence. It's as simple as that! How

World's Champion Quarter Horse

**Queenie Was Bred In the Cajun Country
Where Quarter Horse Racing Has Been
Popular Since the Civil War**

John K. Goodman

This is the story of as gallant a race horse as ever set foot on any race track—and the proof that a great heart in a horse can overcome almost any disadvantage. Queenie was a club-footed mare—and yet became a world's Champion Quarter Horse. She was not born that way, but due to an accident to her right forefoot soon after foaling, she was at a great disadvantage for the rest of her life.

Queenie was bred by Martin Richard in Rayne, Louisiana. Rayne is in western Louisiana in the heart of the Cajun country. While Arizona and California Quarter Horse men were setting up the rules of Quarter Horse racing—the Cajuns in Louisiana had been quarter racing since the Civil War if not before. Unbeknownst to our western horsemen up till several years ago, some of the fastest Quarter Horses are in the bayou section of Louisiana, and just to insure the speed of their Quarter Horses, whenever a particularly fast sprinter broke down at the Fairgrounds at New Orleans, often as not that said animal would end up

in getting the mare to cool out properly as she could hardly move because of her injured club foot. Yet she ran a tremendously speedy race under this handicap and proved that she had all the heart that any horseman could ever ask for.

It was soon after this that Mr. Orr dispersed his stable, and Mr. Jelks was able to obtain Queenie early in 1945. He started her in the championships in Tucson a month later and won again, defeating Miss Banks, Squaw H, Jeep B, and other good horses in the then world's championship time of 22.7 secs. from a standing start. Queenie was subsequently to lower this mark to 22.5 seconds in a match race beating Miss Bank.

Queenie started 14 times on recognized American Quarter Running Horse tracks. She was 1st 8 times, 2nd 3 times, 3rd twice, and once unplaced. Queenie, No. 2543 in the American Quarter Horse Stud Books, was by Flying Bob (T. B.), by Chicaro, by *Chircle, out of Little Sis, by Dedier. Of Dedier, we only



QUEENIE—in the pink of condition. Note the tremendous forearm, the good shoulder despite lack of height in the withers, and the exceptionally powerful hindquarters.

in the bayou and rice country where quarter speed was appreciated. It was from such a background that Queenie came.

She was foaled in 1939, and undoubtedly started her racing career as a 2-year-old around St. Charles, Bowersville, etc., where Quarter Horses were matched in Louisiana. It is interesting that in the "French" country that Quarter Horses are run a square acre (or 256 yds.) rather than running multiples of 1-2 this 1-4 this etc. It is rare when over two horses are run in one race, and there is always a center rail down the middle to keep each horse straight.

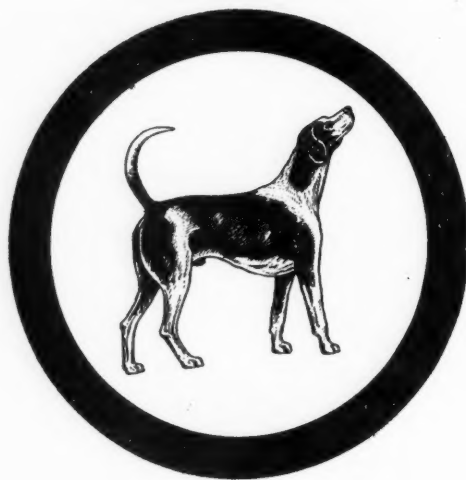
It was early in 1944 that George Orr, a contractor from El Paso went into this Cajun country and brought out some truly outstanding Quarter horses. In his consignment of some ten horses were Effie, Dee Dee, Doris June, and Queenie, and everyone of the above mentioned was a top running horse.

It was in Albuquerque that J. R. Jelks of Tucson saw Queenie and determined to have her if possible. On that day, the club-footed mare ran the 440 yards defeating the old champion, Shue Fly, Squaw H., Buster, Jeep B and others in 21.8 seconds from a flagged start. While so doing, she cast the shoe on her right forefoot, yet ran and won with the hoof bleeding badly. So badly in fact that there was great difficulty

know he was an extremely outstanding individual and progenitor. The mares sired by Dedier are commonly referred to in Louisiana as D. J. Mares and it is the Flying Bob—D. J. cross that has produced so many speed merchants.

Some months ago, I read an article in one of our Thoroughbred publications concerning a Quarter Horse sale in Denver. In this article, the author stated he could not detect any blood lines in Quarter Horses and that the Palominos seemed to bring the greatest amount on the block. (Could those Palominos have been by the great Quarter Horse stallion Question Mark?) However, Queenie and her three-quarter and half brothers and sisters disprove this theory. It is not by chance that the Flying Bob—Dedier cross has produced Effie, Dee Dee, Queenie, Doris June, etc., and that Flying Bob has sired Rosita (Breeze) Rosalita, Teejo and Pumpkin. The aforementioned are, or have been, some of the fastest Quarter Horses in the world.

Queenie is now in the nursery of Mr. Jelks in Tucson. Her racing days are over, but she has had two excellent foals by another world's champion Quarter Horse, Piggie String. Her first foal, a filly, (to be called Queen of Clubs, I believe) should begin to run next fall, and then we will see if blood tells in Quarter Horses.



British and American Sporting Authors

Mr. A. Henry Higginson has added to an impressive list of books on sport, a monumental work that has taken him over three years to compile. The history of British and American Sporting Authors is a sportsman's and a collector's research into the lives, writings and memoirs of over 300 of the ranking sporting writers from the 14th century to the present day.

This book, with a foreword by that fine sporting book collector, Ernest Gee and a complete bibliography of the authors and their works, by Sydney Smith of Canaan, N. Y., is the most complete book of its kind ever to have been published.

For the collector, the sportsman, the lover of fine books, British and American Sporting Authors is an absorbing volume shedding much new light on old books, and bringing to contemporary literature on the sport of horse and hounds all the wealth of information Mr. Higginson has at his command.

Bookstores will find this book of Mr. Higginson's as valuable for their own use as their clients will find it of interest. Published by The Blue Ridge Press, it is available at \$15.00 a copy. A large volume of over 400 pages, 9½ by 11½ inches, it is a limited edition and has been handsomely bound in green linen, embossed in gold with the fine sporting medallion shown above on the front board.

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In the Country



SON OF *DONATELLO 2ND TO VIRGINIA

Top horses from abroad seem to be the rule in Kentucky these days, but Virginia has not had the same advantage with proven sires. This week, however, comes an announcement of the importation of the fine son of *Donatello 2nd, Orestes. He is being imported by Fasig-Tipton Company for the account of Kentmere Farm and Happy Hill Farm. The syndicate will be managed by Tyson Gilpin, who is now standing *Jacopo at his Kentmere Farm in Boyce, Virginia. Many Virginia breeders have been considering the importation of a top stallion from abroad and Orestes can certainly be listed in this category. Orestes is out of Orison, she by Friar Marcus. He was a brilliant stakes winner in England and his two crops of racing age have been stakes winners in both England and Ireland. His dam produced in addition to Orestes, the stakes winners Olifa and Reredos and the winners Oriflame, Ortygia, Democracy, and the stakes producer Angelus. Orison herself won the Brighton Handicap at 3 and placed in stakes at 2.

Orestes by *Donatello 2nd, unbeaten in Italy at 2 and 3 and sire of the dams of the United States stakes winners, Stepfather, The Doge, Belle-soeur, Ma Liberte, and Peace of Mind, was himself unbeaten at 2 and headed the English Free Handicap. He was retired in 1945 in his 4-year-old year and his first foals were 2-year-olds in 1948. Winners to date are Prince of Blenheim, beating Red Anita, best filly in Ireland in the Birdcatcher Stakes; Cherrygarth, winner of the Carrs Stakes and Wednesday Stakes; King's Treasure, winner of the Southampton Stakes; Clareen, which was 10th on the Irish Free Handicap; Lady Philippa and Magister.

PIEDMONT POINT-TO-POINT

Hunting and hunt meeting enthusiasts will be pleased to know that the 9th running of the Piedmont point-to-point races, featuring the Rokeby Bowl will take place Wednesday, March 29. Considered one of the top notch point-to-point classics in this country, the race is run annually on Mr. Paul Mellon's Rokeby Farm, near Upperville, Virginia.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

The nation's sports authorities polled by the Turf and Sport Digest disagreed with two of the selections made by the Daily Racing Form staff writers, when they selected Coaltown over Capot as horse of the year and Oil Capitol over Hill Prince as best 2-year-old colt or gelding. Coaltown was beaten by Capot (selected as best 3-year-old in both polls) in his last two starts of the year but this did not sway the turf writers. Evidently Coaltown's record of 12 wins in 15 starts, and 3 seconds, with a total of \$275,125 in money won looked the best to the 203 sports authorities who cast 102 ballots for him and 71 for Capot; 30 avoided the issue by not making a choice.

It was nip and tuck in the voting between Oil Capitol and Hill Prince, Oil Capitol getting a total of 282 points over 240 for Hill Prince. In this division, unlike the voting for Horse of the Year where only one choice was made, 3 selections were made and the result scored on points.

NOT IN THE CHART

Steeplechase Jockey Tommy Field called our attention to the fact that a win by Out of The Red was not recorded under Trainer Jack Skinner's name, which would give him 16 wins and 2nd place for leading trainers. Out of The Red was awarded the 1st money in a hurdle race which was won by *Macanudo at Delaware Park on June 24, when procaine showed up in the urine analysis. This would give W. G. Jones only 10 winners and *Macanudo 1. Trainer W. G. Jones drew a 30-day suspension from the National Steeplechase and Hunts Assn. at the time.

Also we credited R. W. Grant with 5 wins and it should have been only 4, as *Luan Casca is owned by Graham Grant.

ALL THAT IS LEFT

According to a story by Robert Jordan in the Washington Post recently, the army's pre-war cavalry strength of 25,000 is now cut to 327 horses, all work animals save for 12 horses at Fort Meyer used for state funerals and medical purposes. This is certainly a morbid commentary on the fame which once belonged to the U. S. Cavalry. When one remembers that in June 1936 none other than Colonel Jonathan Wainwright proudly led the 3rd Cavalry stationed at Fort Meyer down the sloping hills above the Potomac to escort President Roosevelt and before Colonel Wainwright, Colonel George Patton and before him, others equally great, way back to General Crooke who fought Geronimo in the Indian campaigns, it is indeed a commentary of other and finer days. Six men from the 3rd Infantry handle the 12 horses

at Fort Meyer whose principal duty is going to the grave with deceased generals. One might well stop and recite here the immortal lines from the battle of Balaclava, "All that was left, left of the 600" for the page has certainly been turned. The cavalry, like old soldiers, will never die, but lives on only in the song and story book fame of a great tradition.

NASRULLAH TO KENTUCKY

A. B. Hancock, Jr. formed a syndicate that has bought the outstanding sire Nasrullah, by Nearco—Mumtaz Begum, by *Blenheim II. Nasrullah, one of the first three stallions on the English stallion list, will come to A. B. Hancock's Claiborne Farm next June. Mumtaz Begum, the dam of Nasrullah is a sister-in-blood to *Mahmoud.

Nasrullah was sold to the syndicate by Joseph McGrath and has been standing at his Brownstone Stud at Curragh, Ireland. His fee is the highest on record for the British Empire (500 Guineas) and his book is full for the 1950 season.

The syndicate is composed of the following shareholders; William Woodward, John Hertz, H. F. Gugenheim, H. C. Phipps, J. S. Phipps, Marion duPont Scott, George Widener, Carlton Clay, T. M. Girdler, J. T. Deblouis Wack, Dr. Eslee Asbury, Howell Jackson, Clifford Mooers, A. B. Hancock, Sr. and A. B. Hancock, Jr.

AMERICAN PURCHASES AT NEWMARKET

Abram Hewitt of Montana Hall, White Post, Va., bought a mare by Colombo in foal to Combat, named Fiehu, to add to his band of broodmares. Gustave Ring, of Washington, D. C., acquired Santa, a 9-year-old Cameronian mare out of Tere-sina. A London bloodstock agency, bidding for Max Wexler of Ohio, paid \$7,350 for Couloir, a 7-year-old mare by Portlaw Scale. Trainer Jim Ryan purchased Minster Lovell, a 4-year-old son of Nearco—Lavinia, which will be raced in the U. S.

BOUSSAC HORSES IN CAMDEN

Trainers are waiting with interest the arrival of 4 2-year-olds from France belonging to the famous stable of Marcel Boussac. They are expected in Camden the end of this week and will be readied for the Kentucky Derby. This is an experiment of Mr. Boussac's. The youngsters are not his top horses but are meant to be very good prospects which will give the noted French owner a line on United States form when compared with the abilities of his own bloodstock.

POLO IN MID-WEST

As an indication of the progress in polo in the middle west, this year there will be some 35 players and over 100 ponies at the Chicago Avenue Armory for the Metropolitan League games.

Topping the group of players at the Armory is Jack Ivory, from Detroit, one of the few 7-goal indoor players in the United States, and a member of the Chicago indoor team that won the National Open Championship here last April; Pedro Sil-

vero, noted Argentine International star playing for Milwaukee; Marty Christianson, 16-year-old boy wonder from Cicero; Mike and Tom Healy, the distinguished brother combination playing for Hinsdale; Leon Mandel, who is playing the greatest polo of his colorful career; Truman Wood, Pat Connors, George Cokinis, Jerry Fordon, Bobby Bond, Bob Uhllein, Jr., Mac Stephani, and others already established or on their way up in polo.

CAMDEN CONTINUES TO GROW

Along with the announcement that Mrs. Ambrose Clark has bought Camden's Springdale plant and leased it to Mrs. duPont Scott is the news that additional stabling will be provided there to replace the stables burned down several years ago. With several hundred horses expected in Camden this year, there would be a real shortage of stabling without this addition to the facilities at Springdale. Among the big stables at Camden are Mrs. Scott's Montpelier string of 15, with Ray Woolfe; Mrs. duPont Weir's 'chasers and flat horses under the eye of James Ryan; horses of Horatio Luro and others with Mike Kerr. Expected after Christmas are 'chasers being trained by Burling Cocks, Sidney Watters, Jr., J. V. H. Davis, Walter Wickes and John Bosley.

ELKRIDGE STAKE

Although plans are not known for Elkridge for next season, if Mr. Miller is going to retire his great 'chaser there should be plans in the making to name a stake after him. Horses like this do not come every day and the Elkridge Stakes would be a fitting tribute to a great performer as well as being a fine award for anyone with a good 'chaser to tuck in his or her trophy room.

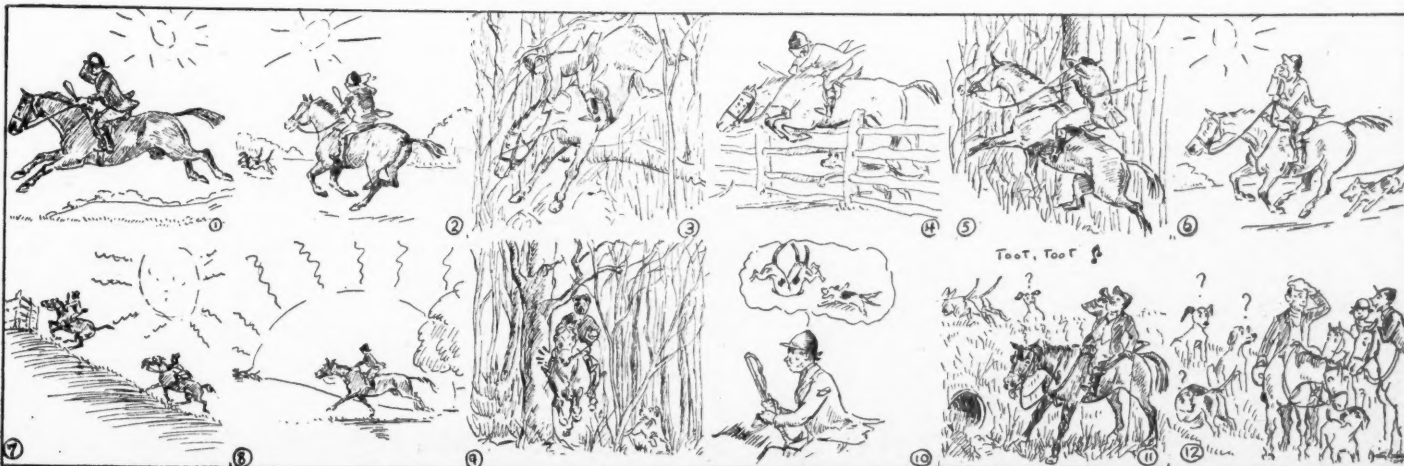
JUDGING BREEDING CLASSES

The "traveling man" on the American continent, Humphrey Finney was in Philadelphia recently to give a talk to Pennsylvania breeders on judging breeding classes at horse shows. The meeting was a large one and Pennsylvania's newly formed organization took time out before Mr. Finney's talk to elect new directors for the coming year as follows: John J. Burkholder, Morris Cheston, Guy B. Hunter, Walter M. Jeffords, Laurence E. Jones and Hardie Scott.

Chronicle Quiz Answers

1. A type of bucking in which a horse jumps up and down with arched back and stiff knees.
2. A Palomino.
3. The westerners name for eastern riding breeches, because they are tight at the knee (and flared at the thighs) they are called choke-bored.
4. That he is running at top speed.
5. The reins.
6. An extra team kept to help the regular horses pull a heavy load up a steep hill or through soft ground.

THE LITTLE HUNTSMAN



- (1) Gosh darn another fox, this heat
- (2) Makes my old boots too full of feet
- (3) The puppies' too fit, I ain't enough
- (4) My Godfrey, ain't the going rough

- (5) We'll all be kilt, why don't he quit
- (6) I know damn well I'd go and sit
- (7) In some deep hole or coolish drain—
- (8) And why in hell don't it ever rain

- (9) You gol darn fool there goes my knee
- (10) Them houn's must work him in, let's see
- (11) Ah, here me boy, is just the pipe
- (12) Let the dama fox run outa sight.

Christmas Suggestions

Sporting Books For The Horseman

GONE AWAY

by MASON HOUGHLAND

\$8.00

"... Mason Houghland's book is done beautifully. It is always nice to see a book that looks as if someone had taken a real interest in doing it . . ."

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Author of Hunting Recollections, etc.

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FOXHUNTING THEORY AND PRACTICE

by A. HENRY HIGGINSON

\$7.50

"... We have something that is badly needed—a book that deals with every aspect of the best of all sports as we enjoy it today . . ."

DUKE OF BEAUFORT,
President of English Master's Foxhounds Association.

STUD FARM DIARY

by HUMPHREY S. FINNEY

\$2.50

"... It is the finest work of its kind we have ever read and it is written by a man whom we consider one of the best farm managers and judges of horses we have ever known . . ."

NELSON DUNSTAN,
Daily Racing Form, July 20, 1949.

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